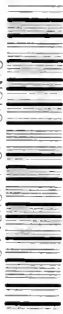


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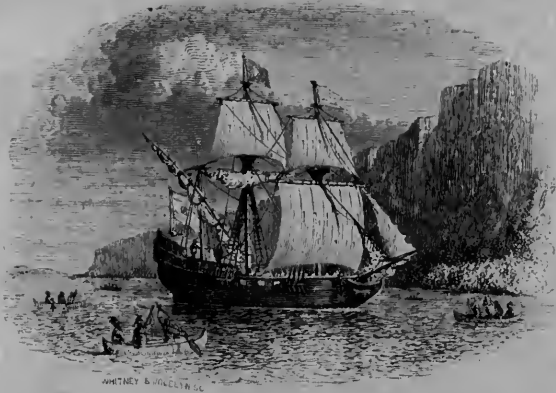
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The Dutch at the North Pole
AND
The Dutch in Maine.

New York Historical Society.

3d MARCH, 1857.



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The Dutch at the North Pole

AND

The Dutch in Maine.



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A

PAPER

READ BEFORE THE

New York Historical Society,

3d MARCH, 1857.

BY

J. Watts de Peyster,

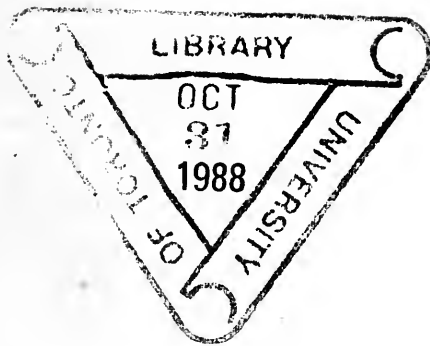
A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.

NEW YORK:

PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY.

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PLATT & SCHRAM, PRINTERS,

POUGHKEEPSIE.

New York Historical Society,

FOUNDED 1804.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 4, 1857.

FREDERICK DE PEYSTER, Esq.

My Dear Sir:

In behalf of the Special Committee on papers to be read, I am instructed to express to you their desire that you will read the paper on the "**Dutch in Maine**," prepared by GEN. DE PEYSTER, which was announced for, but not read, last evening—at the next regular meeting of the Society, on Tuesday evening, March 3d. Will you allow me to add my own hope that you will be able to comply with the request of the Committee, as I regard the subject as one of unusual novelty and interest to the Society.

I remain, my dear Sir,

With great respect,

Yours very truly,

GEO. H. MOORE.

New York Historical Society,

FOUNDED 1804.

At a stated meeting of the Society, held in the Chapel of the University of the City of New York, on Tuesday evening, March 3d, 1857,

The paper of the evening, entitled "**the Dutch at the North Pole**," and "**the Dutch in Maine**," prepared by GENERAL J. WATTS DE PEYSTER, was read by FREDERICK DE PEYSTER, Esq.

On its conclusion, Mr. JAMES W. BEEKMAN, after some remarks, submitted the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

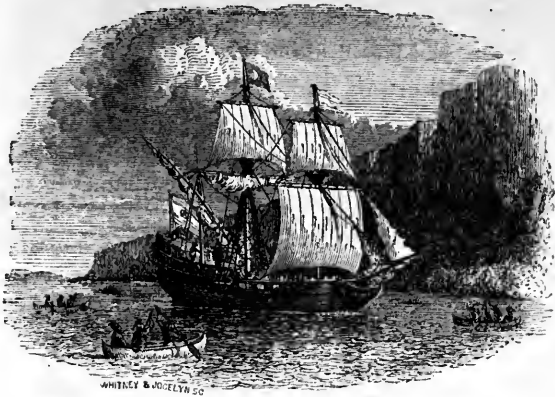
Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Society be presented to GENERAL DE PEYSTER for his able and interesting paper read this evening, and that a copy be requested for the Archives of the Society, and for such further disposition as may be advised by the Executive Committee.

Extract from the minutes.

ANDREW WARNER,

Recording Secretary.





The Dutch at the North Pole,

AND

The Dutch in Maine.

It is only recently that the people of the United States have been awakened to a just appreciation of the marvelous deeds, stirring enterprize, and indomitable spirit, which actuated that glorious little nation, the Netherlanders or Hollanders—generally, but inappropriately, styled Dutchmen—in establishing their independence. We have yet to learn how much of the world's progress is due to their example; and the practice of every manly virtue. To courage, fortitude and patriotism, they added economy, industry, integrity and intelligence; and had their territorial position and physical power corresponded with the union of such rare qualities, this combined influence would have raised them, as a people, to a height of glory hitherto approached by no other nation in the old world.

As merchants, ploughers of the sea, they rarely erred in the location of their maritime settlements; and, as colonists,—ploughers of the soil,—they never made a mistake in the selection of the lands they were to cultivate; so much so that it has passed into a proverb in some parts of this very State—where the Germans, and families from the Eastern States, came *after* the Dutch—“that there never was a good piece of land that the Devil did not open his bag and shake out some Dutchman upon it.”

Thus, early as 1575 they learned the value of the spice-bearing groves and fruitful valleys of the richest island of the globe—Java; and established their factories and trading houses wherever bounteous Nature invited Commerce with her richest stores. When Columbus made his great discovery, it is well known that he supposed it was the eastern coast of Asia, of which he was in search. The term *India* was adopted by the Greeks, who, it is said, derived it from the Persians,—for it was unknown to the natives,—and was used to signify the indefinite regions beyond the Indus, which were but partially known to them, from the vague descriptions of the Persians. Successive expeditions, in ancient times, revealed the boundaries of the countries watered by the Indus and the Ganges, and their great tributaries, and gradually developed their valuable and inexhaustible productions.

Until the close of the 15th century, Europeans obtained the precious merchandise of India, partly through Egypt, whither it came by the way of the Arabian Sea, and partly from the long journeys of the Caravans, through the interior of Asia. The doubling of the Cape of Good Hope, in 1497, opened to the Portuguese

the teeming riches of that vast mine of wealth which has enriched the various nations who successively have obtained access to it.

The Portuguese dominion in Asia was fast crumbling into ruin, when the union of Portugal with Spain, in 1580, gave the finishing blow to their commercial power in India. The Dutch had sought in the mart of Lisbon for Indian merchandize, when Philip the Second closed its harbor to this adventurous and industrious people. Thus, it became an object of paramount importance to find a passage, if practicable, to India by the Northern seas; and many fruitless attempts were made to accomplish this great object. Nevertheless, they availed themselves of favorable opportunities to enter the lists with the Portuguese; gradually succeeded in stripping them of their possessions by their stronger and better manned Navy, which pursued the latter on their own beaten track; and finally wrested from them their most important acquisitions in the famed Indies. It was in the course of the former unsuccessful attempts in the Polar seas that the Dutch, as we shall hereafter see, found their way to our Atlantic border, and thereby became aware of the advantages presented by the rich lumber districts of Maine; and although few are apprised of it, made several attempts by peaceful colonization and by force of arms, to place themselves in a position to share the prolific fisheries; the unsurpassed masting and lumbering facilities; and, at that time, the rich fur trade afforded along the coasts and upon the shores of the rivers and estuaries of Maine, then the Province of Acadie.

There, at the periods referred to, the bounties of the land actually clasped hands with the favors of the

sea ; although at the present date, in many instances, the bare rocks, denuded of their stately evergreen forests, and oftentimes of the very soil itself, by the intense action of rapidly succeeding conflagrations, present, in lamentable contrast, the very image of desolation !

It is well known that the Hollanders first settled the three states of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut ; planting their colonies on the shores of two of our noblest northern rivers ; and that a few years subsequently they conquered a territory now constituting a fourth state—Delaware ; when their sway extended over the districts bordering on either side of the third great stream of that name.

Few, however, comparatively, of those best acquainted with our History, have heard that the Hollanders were likewise amongst the earliest Colonists of Maine, and at one time displayed their ensigns, victorious in all the four quarters of the globe, at more than one point of that then remote province.

The first Dutch commander, on record, who made a landing on the shores of Maine, was **Hendrick Hudson** ; he who discovered the noble estuary or river, which now bears his name. On the 17th—(18th)—of July, 1609, (on the third of September, in which year he anchored inside the bay formed by Sandy Hook,) that distinguished Navigator landed on the shores of the Penobscot, and remained in that bay for the space of a week, cutting and stepping a new foremast, and repairing his rigging, damaged by his previous tempestuous passage. He likewise had frequent and friendly intercourse with the natives ; some of whom it was even reported could speak a few words of French ; from whom he understood that traders of that nation came thither

every year to barter with the aborigines. At this period, the glory of the Dutch Military and Commercial marine had reached its zenith. East, south, and west, the ships of Holland were boldly cleaving the farthest waters of unknown seas, to crown their owners' enterprise with opulence and fame. Even to the frozen north, Dutch courage and indomitable resolution had penetrated nearer to the Artic Pole than any other people had before, or have since; accomplishing such wonders at this early stage of Artic exploration, as stand unrivalled even to the present day, unless perhaps by the recent exploits of Captain McClure. **Barntz**, whom fate denied the enthusiastic homage of his native land, was that bold seaman who from thirteen to fifteen years before Hudson landed on the shores of North America, defied the terrors of a polar winter; and planted the blue, white and orange stripes of the United Provinces on the most northern group of European Islands, known as Spitzbergen; and on Cape Desire, now Zelandia; at the almost inaccessible extremity of Novaia Zemlia.

If, then, to the English appertains the glory of a contest, kept up for centuries against cold and amid privations, crowned within the last five years by the discovery of the North-West passage, by Captain McClure; to the Hollander is due the credit of equally persevering, but less successful, attempts to explore a North-East passage to the riches of the Eastern world—less successful only because unquestionably beyond the stretch of possibility for any one expedition, unless capable of keeping the sea at least from eight to ten, and in all probability for double, that period of, years.

In proof that a passage—not navigable however—actually does exist, whales are *known* to have passed to

and fro. Thus a whale, struck by William Bastiaanz, Admiral of the Dutch Greenland Fleet, in the Spitzbergen sea, was killed in the sea of Tartary, with the Admiral's harpoon, bearing its initials, and other marks of recognition, still sticking in his back. Muller relates a similar circumstance, as having occurred in 1716. Hamel writes in 1653, that every year in the sea to the North-East of Korea, whales in great numbers are captured, in whose flesh and blubber are found harpoons, and other striking irons of the French and Dutch whalers, in the seas washing the Northern extremities of Europe; whence, and for similar reasons, navigators throughout the last five centuries were led to believe that there was, and is a continuous passage through Behring's sea and straight, around the north of Asia, communicating with the straight of Vaigatch, which separates Novaia Zemlia from Russia in Europe; nor does this testimony stand alone; it has other ample and satisfactory corroboration.

To the Hollandish mariner, the prudent, skillful, brave and experienced **Barentz**—the most distinguished martyr to Arctic investigation, until the mystery of Sir John Franklin's loss transferred the sympathy and admiration of the scientific world to a more recent, but not more deserving object—to **Barentz** is conceded the crown of having been the first to winter amid the horrors of the Polar cold; deprived of every comfort which could have ameliorated the sojourn; dependent even for vital warmth on the fires which are kindled in an indomitable *heart*; and uncheered from the beginning to the end by the sight of, or intercourse with, any human visitors, such as enlivened and varied the winter-life of our most distinguished, able, and accom-

plished explorer, Dr. Kane. Few readers, comparatively, have turned their attention to Arctic geography and discovery; but to those who have fully examined the subject, the name of **Barentz** is a household word; and we find Dr. Kane, imprisoned in the frozen North, comparing his position, and its probable result, with that of the Chief-Pilot of Amsterdam.

It is wonderful,—and I shall return to the subject again,—how the journal of the Hollander seems to embody almost every incident which lends peculiar charms—charms which invest it with an awful interest—to that of every subsequent Commander. Closely observant, **Barentz** must have handled his pen with the same practical ability with which he guided the helm and adjusted his nautical instruments; for all those phenomena—those astounding, terrible attractions—which enlist the sympathies of the brave in favor of a Polar journey, and rise in more than gigantic proportions to deter the timid from enlisting in such an undertaking, find place in that old Log which survived its composer; whose leaves of paper, by a metamorphosis not uncommon with authors, became changed into those of laurel, to crown the brow of him who lay interred beneath the ice of Nova Zembla. His journal resembles in many respects the collection of antiquities, disintombed from Pompeii and its vicinage, in which we discover beauties unexceeded by more recent efforts, and many things which are looked upon as modern discoveries, although well known and in common use among the ancients.

“Two hundred and fifty-nine years ago,” writes Dr. Kane, “**William Barentz**, Chief-Pilot of the States-General of Holland,—the United States of that day,—had

wintered on the coast of Novaia-Zemlia ; exploring the northern-most region of the Old Continent, as we had that of the New.

His men, seventeen in number, broke down during the trials of the winter, and three died, just as of our eighteen three had gone. He abandoned his vessel as we had abandoned ours, took to his boats, and escaped along the Lapland coast to lands of Norwegian civilization. We had embarked with sledge and boat to attempt the same thing. We had the longer journey and the more difficult before us. He lost, as we had done, a cherished comrade by the way-side ; and, as I thought of this closing resemblance in our fortunes also, my mind left but one part of the parallel incomplete—*Barentz himself perished.*”

A little further on we shall see that this parallel holds good with regard to other circumstances.

Whoever has enjoyed in his cozy library chair, (beside a blazing fire, by the brilliant light of an argand lamp,) a trip to the Arctic regions in the graphic relations afforded us by Dr. Kane, and contrasted their and his comforts and luxuries, must have noticed, (if they read with any attention,) the compliment which he pays so cheerfully and gracefully to the early Dutch Arctic navigators. When we remember the immense improvements, not only in the art of navigation, but the construction of vessels ; the vast advances in medicine, remedial preparations and surgery ; the perfection of armament, provisioning, and every other branch of the naval service, which relates to the safety and comfort of sailors, and the preservation of their lives, under the most disadvantageous circumstances ; as well as the attainment of the results sought, which have been made

within the last century, our astonishment will be still more increased, when we examine upon the map the extreme northern point attained by the Dutch Arctic explorer **Barentz**, two hundred and sixty-one years ago, with his small and frail vessels.

He pressed boldly towards the North, and from his log-books it has been conclusively demonstrated that he passed the most northern point of Spitzbergen. How much farther he penetrated to the north at this time, we cannot learn with any certainty; but Dr. Kane says: "An open sea near the Pole, or even an open Polar basin, has been a topic of theory for a long time, and has been shadowed forth to some extent by actual or supposed discoveries. As far back as the days of **Barentz**, in 1596, without referring to the earlier and more uncertain chronicles, water was seen to the eastward of the northern-most Cape of Novaia-Zemlia; and until its limited extent was defined by direct observation, it was assumed to be the sea itself. The *Dutch* fishermen, above and around Spitzbergen, pushed their adventurous cruises through the ice into open spaces, varying in size and form with the season and the winds; and Dr. Scoresby, a venerated authority, alludes to such vacancies in the floe, as pointing in argument to a freedom of movement from the north, indicating open water in the neighborhood of the Pole."

Scoresby, the elder, infers that it was **Barentz's** intention, in 1596, to make a *trans*-polar voyage in pursuance of the scheme suggested, in 1527, by Robert Thorne, of Bristol; which was immediately attempted by two ships, fitted out under the sanction, and, perhaps, under the patronage, of Henry VIII.

Wonderful, we may say, as were the results attained

with such inadequate means ; they are still more wonderful when we compare them with the very little, if any, more important, compassed during the present century, with all the superior advantages already enumerated, without considering the immense facilities afforded by the auxiliary aid of steam. "It is remarkable that two centuries of extreme activity should have added so very little to our knowledge of the Arctic regions;" and it is still more mortifying to consider how little progress has been made in geographical discovery, since the earliest adventurers intrepidly explored the Polar Archipelago with their humble barks, which seldom exceeded the burden of fifty tons. "The relations of the earlier navigators to these parts,"—is the testimony of the scientific authors of the volumes entitled "Discovery and Adventures in the Polar Seas and Regions," "possess an interest which has not yet been eclipsed."—"The voyage of **MARTENS**, from Hamburg to Spitzbergen, may be cited as still the most instructive. But the best and completest work on the subject of the Northern Fisheries, is a treatise in three volumes, (octavo,) translated from the Dutch language into French, by **Bernard de Reste**, and published at Paris in 1801, under the title, "*Histoire des Peches, des Decouvertes, et des Etablissemens des Hollandais dans les Mers du Nord.*"

On the 17th of June, 1596, **Barentz** discovered land in the latitude of 80 deg. 10 min. with his little ships or vlieboats,—fast sailing vessels with two masts, and usually of about 100 tons burthen,—so called, say various authors, because built expressly for the difficult navigation of the Vlie and Texel. In 1827, with all the appliances and resources of the British Government

at his command, and stimulated by the prize of national reward, PARRY made his way by the aid of boats and rude sledges, over the ice, less than three degrees farther north—82 deg. 40 min.

In the same years (1596-'7,) the bold Amsterdammer passed a Polar winter on the shores of Nova Zembla, and experienced all the privations, dangers, and intensity of suffering, without any resources except those arising from his own indomitable resolution; much less than which, amid a comparative abundance of luxuries, prepared without regard to expense, and at the utmost exertion of science, have conferred a world-wide reputation on more than one officer connected with subsequent Artic expeditions. When we read in the accounts of those determined men, the perils to which their fragile vessels—scarcely, if ever, exceeding the burthen of 100 tons, and generally from 10 to 35 and 50 tons measurement—were exposed; the dangers from climate and disease; from the savage beasts of the Polar circle, against which they had to wage war with fire arms the most imperfect, and weapons still more primitive and ineffective, their escape would almost seem miraculous, and their success a special Providence vouchsafed in consideration of their deep religious trust in the Almighty; and their child-like faith in His power to guard them against all perils, even when cut off from the rest of the world by impassible barriers of ice-mountains and ice-bound seas. What modern sailors credit to "luck," "chance," and "fortune," the "old salts" of former days attributed to Providence, that superintending Providence which watched over and delivered them.

Dr. Kane seems to dwell upon **Barentz** as the Patriarch

of Artic explorers; and as he was the first of the Hollanders, of whose voyages of discovery within the Artic circle we have authentic accounts; with him commences the narrative of the expeditions of the Dutch to those regions, and in fact all others in search of the north east passage.

But the audience may already have remarked, What have the Dutch Expeditions to the Arctic regions, or the Dutch at the North Pole, to do with the Dutch in Maine? Much. The connection is complete, and the transition easy and natural. In 1609, Hendrick Hudson, on his third voyage—his first under the Dutch flag—in the famous “Half Moon,” in search of the North East Passage into the Pacific, finding his farther progress arrested by the ice, and other impediments resulting from its presence; suddenly put his helm up, and bore away for the shores of North America; where he made his first landing on the coast of Maine. having come to an anchor in Penobscot Bay.

With this explanatory clause, we leave the shores of Acadie, to revisit those of the frozen North.

As was remarked before, the parallel drawn by Dr. Kane between the details of his own winter sojourn and that of Barentz, in the extreme Arctic regions, holds good with regard to other circumstances—“a parallel,” the Doctor adds, “which might verify that sad truth of history, that human adventure repeats itself;” and another noted work on the Polar Seas and Regions observes, that “all the changes of the Polar ice are periodical, and are again repeated at no very distant interval of time;” nature, as it were, thus lending her aid to complete the cheerful or harrowing resemblance.

The Hon’ble Daines Barrington, in the two first pa-

pers of "Instances of navigators who have reached high northern latitudes," "produces four examples of vessels having sailed to latitude 81 1-2 deg. ; seven to 82 deg. or upward ; three to 83 deg. or more ; six vessels in company to 86 deg. ; three examples to 88 deg. ; two ships in company to 89 deg. and one to 89 1-2 deg. besides several others brought forward in his latter papers."

He gives due credit to the reports of Dutch whalers, and it seems very evident to any but envious or incredulous rivals, that those who have penetrated nearest to the northern pole have been Dutch or Hollandish vessels, whose masters claim no credit to themselves—that is to their individual exertions, physical or mental—for their remarkable approximation to that extreme point, except that they were up North at the nick of time, and taking advantage of favorable winds and currents, made their way through openings in the icy barrier as far north as 88 deg., and even 89 deg. 40 min. latitude, only twenty miles from the Arctic pole itself. Mr. or Captain Scoresby in his "Artic Regions," and other English writers in their publications, attempt to discredit these wondrous achievements of Hollandish shipmasters, while he admits that no people on the meridian of the Nova Zembla—or more properly speaking, perhaps, on the meridian of Europe—have penetrated as far to the North as the Dutch ; on the meridian of Asia as the Russians ; and of America as the English ; if they have not lost their chaplet by the late expedition under Dr. Kane. The same author fully endorses the adventurous spirit which actuated the Dutch whale-fishermen, and eulogizes the ability, frugality and endurance, which characterized all their operations.

"The Dutch"—says the younger Scoresby, no mean

authority, for he had been a prosperous whaling-master himself—"have been eminently distinguished for the vigor and success with which, for the space of more than a century, they prosecuted the whale-fishery at Spitzbergen." When, after the competition between the Dutch and English had gone to such lengths, and the former had been compelled to resort to arms, against the unjustifiable aggressions of the latter, both nations sent armed fleets to the fishing grounds, whose broadsides, reverberating from the ice-mountains and snow-clad rocks, ought to have delighted the whales, walruses, and other denizens of the deep, could they have comprehended that the roar of human conflict, emulating the din of their own elements and zone, betokened the mutual slaughter of their most inveterate enemies!

This naval warfare, in which the Dutch Whaling Navy were ultimately successful—defeating, in 1618, the English in a general encounter, and capturing one of their ships, which was carried as a trophy into the port of Amsterdam, resulted in the districting of Spitzbergen, the head-quarters of the European whale fishery, in which the Dutch played such a conspicuous part, whose enterprise, says Forster, "was in the fulness of its splendor from 1614 to 1641;" and according to De Reste, "in its most flourishing state about the year 1630." To the Dutch was assigned the northern portion of the island, where, on Amsterdam-Island, upon the shore of Hollanders'-Bay, they built their Arctic metropolis, appropriately entitled "Smeerenberg,"—Grease- or Fat- [i. e. Blubber-] Town; or, according to the best authority, the Dutch "Description of the Whale Fishery," "Smeerenberg"—a compound word, derived from "Smeer," Fat, and "Bergen," to preserve, i. e. put, or barrel, up.

Such, indeed, was the bustle produced by the yearly arrival of two or three hundred vessels, containing from twelve thousand to eighteen thousand men, being doubly manned, that the haven, with its boiling-houses, ware-houses, cooperages, ropewalks, and other appropriate erections—not to mention shops, dwellings and places of public entertainment—presented the appearance of a commercial or manufacturing town; and of such importance was this settlement, that the incentive of a lucrative traffic attracted numbers of transient merchants and salesmen, and even bakers, and other mechanics. When storms, thick weather, or any other accidental cause, drove the vast fleet of fishing vessels into port, the naturally sterile and desolate shores of Spitzbergen assumed the appearance of a thickly settled country. And such was the flourishing aspect of Smeerenberg, that it was compared by the Hollanders with their famous embryo metropolis of Java, which was founded about the very same time; and proudly pointed out upon the map—within but a few miles more than ten degrees of the Pole itself—as their Arctic Batavia.

Let us now examine, as concisely as the subject will permit, the results of some of the early Arctic voyages, as far as regards the latitude attained preparatory to the consideration of those directed to the North Eastward, and peculiarly Hollandish or Dutch.

In 1587, Davis ascended the strait, which bears his name, as high as 72 deg. 12 min.; in 1607 Hudson made his way through the Greenland seas to the latitude of 81 deg. and saw, as he believed, land as high as 82 deg.; in 1616 Baffin penetrated the bay named in his honor, as high as 78 deg.

Here a long blank occurs in the authentic journals of

Arctic voyages until 1751, when Captain McCallam, taking his departure from Hackluyt's Headland, on Amsterdam Island, off the north west point of Spitzbergen, sailed into an open sea in latitude 83 deg. 30 min. and with such propitious weather, that nothing but his responsibility to the owners for the safety of the ship—his own timidity perhaps—prevented him from carrying his vessel farther on. In the last days of May, 1754, Mr. Stephens, whose testimony is endorsed throughout by the late English Astronomer-Royal, Dr. Maskelyne, was blown off Spitzbergen by a southerly wind, and driven as far north as 84 deg. 30 min. Throughout that drift he encountered but little ice and no drift wood, and experienced a by no means excessive degree of cold.

About the end of June of the same year, Captain Wilson made his way through floating ice from 74 deg. to 81 deg. and thence sailed on over an open sea, quite clear, as far as he could discern, to 83 deg. when he lost heart and returned to the south. Captain Guy, after four days of fog, likewise found himself at the same latitude, about the very same time.

It is curious how the English, while they tax our credulity to its utmost extent in favor of their own people, are willing to concede but little credence to the honest assertions of successful individuals belonging to any other nation, even when those relations seem, to all impartial investigators, indisputable. Here we have three English Captains corroborating the narratives of Hollandish schippers, and admitting that they might themselves have gone much farther, had their hearts been as stout as the opportunities were auspicious. We Knickerbockers have every reason to put implicit faith in the statements of our ancestral race, whose in-

tegrity and truthfulness are proverbial. Let us place on record, stamped at all events with our belief, that Hollanders have made their way, as they claim, to 89 deg. 40 min.,—within twenty miles of the North Pole itself!

But to resume: in different subsequent years, certainly in 1766, the Greenland whalers attained the latitude of 81 deg. or 82 deg.; in 1773, Captain Clark sailed to 81 deg. 30 m.; Captain Bateson to 82 deg. 15 m.; in 1806, the elder Mr. Scoresby to 81 deg. 30 m.; and in 1811 the higher latitudes were again accessible; likewise in 1815–16–17. This brings us down to expeditions, whose narratives are to be found in every public library, and it is sufficient to add, that although Parry made his way *over* the ice to 82 deg. 40, m. and Dr. Kane in like manner to 81 deg. 23 m., no ship has ever succeeded in rivalling the achievement of more than one of the Dutch and English whalers, although the palm remains with the first—the Dutch.

Let us now turn back again, and examining the chronological list of Arctic voyagers, confine ourselves to those of the Dutch in that portion of the Arctic Ocean to which they seem to have directed their whole attention; as well as those of the English, for the discovery of a North East Passage; or, as some say, of a *trans-polar* passage. The first on record is that of the English, which dates from 1527, when two ships (one bearing the cheering name of “*Dominus Vobiscum*,”) were dispatched in the reign of Henry VIII. for discoveries in the direction of the North Pole. This expedition was void of results, and one of the ships did not return. The second, in 1553, was that of Sir Hugh Willoughby and Richard Chancellor—of which, more anon; of their three ships and crews, but one returned: that immedi-

ately commanded by Chancellor, whose furthest northern and eastern limit was the discovery of the White Sea. The third, in 1556, was that of Stephen Burroughs, in a small vessel, the "Searchthrift," who visited Novaia-Zemlia, most probably the southern coast, and discovered the island of Vaigatch, at the entrance of the strait of the same name. The fourth, that in 1580, when Arthur Pet and Charles Jackson, in the "George" and the "William," sailed from England in search of the North East Passage; one of the ships made its way through the Strait of Vaigatch, but of the other no tidings were ever received, except that it had wintered in a Norwegian port. The fifth, in 1594, was the first voyage of **Barentz**, Cornelis Cornelison, and others. The sixth, in 1595, was the Dutch National Expedition, in which **Barentz** acted as Chief-Pilot. The seventh, in 1596, was that in which **Barentz** discovered Bear-Island and Spitzbergen, and lost his life. The eighth, was in 1608, when an English vessel under **Hendrick Hudson**—our Hudson—made its way as far as the coast of Nova-Zembla, but prematurely returned. The ninth, was in 1609, when Hudson, having transferred his services to the Dutch, started a second time, ostensibly to explore a North East Passage, while his heart was fixed on that to the North West. He sailed to the eastward as far as the Port of Vardoehuus, in Norwegian Lapland, when, pretending to have been arrested by fog and ice, he re-passed the North Cape and steered across the Atlantic for America. Scoresby, in his narrative, says: "The design of this curious navigation is not known"; Hudson may not have communicated his design, but his reasons are evident without explanation: he was, no doubt, satisfied that **Barentz** had done all that man

could towards solving the question of a North East Passage, and had failed. To the North West and West, many maintained that a transit was no less certain than that to the North East was uncertain. This he determined to assay, and supposed that he had succeeded when he entered the bay of New York.

The tenth was in 1611, or 1614, when a Hollandish ship is said to have accomplished one hundred leagues to the Eastward of Novaia Zemlia.

This was an extraordinary achievement, and must have brought the Dutchman, (taking into consideration the enormous difference between a degree of longitude at the equator and in this high latitude,) within sight of, if not up to, Cape Severo Vostochnoi. At all events, this triumph for the tri-color of Holland is not without authority; for Scoresby enumerates the voyage in his Chronological List.

The eleventh, was that of Jan Mayen in 1611-'12 or '13, when that enterprising Dutch navigator discovered that lone island, which now bears his name, although once known as Mauritius, or St. Maurice Island, in honor of the Stadtholder, Prince Maurice.

The twelfth and last, was the abortive attempt, in 1676, of Captains John Wood and William Flawes, who were sent out with two ships by the English Admiralty. As Wood, and his ship "The Speedwell," alone are mentioned, Flawes may have been re-called, or detained on the way. At all events, the Speedwell was wrecked on the west coast of Nova Zembla; and Wood brought home such a gloomy impression of the dangers that were to be encountered in that quarter, that the idea of sailing around the North of Asia into the Pacific

Ocean was abandoned, upon his return, and report, at once and for ever.

And now once more let us return to **Barentz**.

There would seem to be some races of men who will not bow to or acknowledge any superior but the Lord; and in the consciousness of His assistance display a fearless energy in combating not only the oppressions of stronger and more numerous peoples, but even the utmost terrors of nature. Such are the Dutch or Hollanders, concerning whom no testimony can be deemed more reliable than that of the Germans, at once a cognate and a rival race. And what say they?

“Rectitude, candor, honesty, constancy, patience, equanimity, temperance, cleanliness, carried almost to excess, plainness in their manner of living, fidelity to their word, are particularly prominent attributes of the Dutch. They are reproached, however, with avarice, greediness of gain, and inquisitiveness. Their confidence in their own powers, which has often the appearance of cold indifference, their imperturbability, and their circumspectness in answering and in judging, have brought upon them the reputation of sluggishness; although no one can deny that they possess industry, courage, and contempt of every danger, particularly in undertakings considered likely to result in profit to themselves.”

Having in a great measure freed themselves from the ferocious tyranny of Spain, the people of the United Provinces no sooner found themselves relieved from immediate danger, than they turned their eyes towards the true source of their power and wealth, the Ocean; that element which surrounded and penetrated their country on all sides, which towered as it were above

them, and which, when roused to fury, menaced their very existence. Still there was a kindliness mingled with its enmity; and the Hollander might say—as the Dane—that the salt sea was his friend, whose jealousy brooked no other proud invader; and held itself in readiness to drive forth the foreign foe, who dared to contest with it the prized possession.

To the merchant of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the eastern realms of Asia were the Alembic, which was to transmute his enterprise into gold; to him the countries and islands, gold and gem-encrusted, spice-scented, and silk and tissue draped, known under the general name of the East—were the Philosopher's stone which should change to power and prosperity the toil and sweat of his laborious days, and vigils of his wakeful nights. Unable as yet to defy the mighty Armadas of Spain, those "castles on the deep," which guarded the approaches to the sources of those golden streams, which alone and so long had enabled the Spanish Monarch to continue the contest for the subversion of their rights and liberty, they determined to attempt, as we have seen, a north-eastern passage, and bearding winter in his penetralia, arrive at the wished for goal, by a new and unexplored channel. With no other countenance than the bare permission of the States General and their high Admiral, the Prince Maurice of Nassau, a "private society" of merchants equipped at Amsterdam, Enchuy-sen, and Zealand, a squadron of three vessels and an attendant yacht. Whether he enjoyed the supreme nominal command or not, the actual guidance of the whole was entrusted to **William Barentz**, commander or Pilot of the Amsterdam ship—or, as Dr. Kane styles him, Chief Pilot of the States General of Holland,—who

approved himself one of the most expert nautical men of the age, prolific in able and adventurous Navigators.

Thus an Arctic voyage of discovery, the offspring of private enterprise, was the first grand undertaking of the greatest Free-state of the Old World, scarcely yet emancipated from the shackles of Spain.

There were noble-hearted GRINNELLS in those days, and the History of Holland teems with instances of individuals actuated by like generous sentiments.

This expedition sailed from the Texel on the 5th of June, 1594; and on the 23d of the same month reached the island of Kalguez, at the mouth of the broad channel which contracts into the Strait of Vaigatch, through which one division of two ships, under Cornelis Cornelison, made their way into the Karskoe Sea, or sea of Kara, in which they proceeded forty leagues, or one hundred and sixty miles, to the eastward; when, finding a wide, blue, open expanse of water before them, with the coast trending rapidly to the southward, instead of pursuing the discovery, they determined to hasten back and communicate to their countrymen the joyful news of their imaginary discovery of the North East Passage. In fact, however, they had only opened the Gulf of Obi, and a few days' farther progress would have brought them in contact with the shores of the Samojedes country; thereby proving that the land which they deemed the eastern shores of Asia was nothing in reality but those of the Tobolsk Peninsula. **Barentz**, however, steered a bolder course, and examined the whole western coast of Nova-Zembla; designating all the remarkable points with appropriate names, from Latitude 77 deg. 45 min. down as far as 71 degrees. By the first of August, the intrepid navi-

gator had actually reached the northern extremity of Novaia-Zemlia, in Longitude 77 deg. east ; but beyond that distant point he encountered so much tempest-driven ice, that he abandoned all hope of more successful progress further at that time ; and, sorely against his will, retraced his homeward course. On the coast of Russian Lapland, he met the returning Cornelison ; and, thus strangely reunited, the two divisions arrived in the Texel, on the sixteenth of September.

One incident of this voyage is so amusing, that it is well worthy repetition here. Although beaten in a pitched battle against the sea-horses or sea-cows, at the Orange isles, the Hollanders appear to have had but little conception of the ferocity and power of the polar-bear ; one of which, having been wounded, they succeeded in noosing, in the idea of leading him about like a dog ; and eventually carrying him back as a trophy to Holland. They found, however, they had caught a *tartar* ; for the furious animal not only routed the party, but boarded and made himself master of their boat. Luckily for them, his noose became entangled in the iron work about the rudder ; and the crew, who had been actually driven over the bows, preferring to trust themselves rather to the mercy of the icy-sea, than to the jaws and claws of the monster, finding him caught, mustered courage, fell upon him in a body, and dispatched him.

The reports of this expedition, although their conclusions were erroneous, could scarcely have been more glorious, as far as regards the reputation they have won for **Barentz**. Unfortunately, the mistaken views of Cornelison excited the most exaggerated hopes in the Gov-

ernment and people of Holland. Led astray by this false confidence, Prince Maurice, the States-General, and the whole country, contributed ample funds, with which a fleet of six large vessels, and an attendant yacht, were fitted out; not as for adventure and discovery, but for the prosecution of a certain lucrative trade with the golden regions of the East.

Of this magnificent Commercial Armada, **William Barentz** was constituted the Chief Pilot and Conductor; but all his abilities could not avert a speedy and unhappy failure. Nothing could have been more unsuitable to narrow, winding, ice-encumbered seas, than the lofty, deeply-laden, and unwieldy ships which now adventured in them.

Beset by more than usually abundant ice, and driven from their course by a continual succession of contrary winds,—of all the Arctic undertakings, none proved so abortive as this; which, prepared without regard to expense, resulted not only in immense pecuniary loss, but in deterring the Hollandish government from affording further assistance to efforts in the same direction.

This National Expedition—for so it may be justly styled—which sailed from the Texel, on the second of June, 1595, having thus proved so unfortunate in every respect, it would have been almost reasonable to suppose, that it would have put an end, for a time at least, to such efforts. Not so, however. Although the States-General refused to subsidize those who wished to renew the experiment, they nevertheless offered a high reward, to stimulate their countrymen, in attempting the discovery of the earnestly-desired North-East Passage. The Town Council of Amsterdam prepared two

small vessels, and equipped them for the purpose of discovery alone. Of these, one was placed under the command of the experienced **Barentz**; the other, of one **Jan Cornelis Ryp**. Some historians, however, assert that one vessel was commanded by **Jacob Van Heemskerke**, and the other by **Jan Cornelis Ryp**; both able, resolute and enterprising Captains,—**Barentz** acting as Chief Pilot and Ice-Master. Be this as it may, **Barentz** exercised the supreme direction; he only is known to fame, and justly so. He was the master spirit, and immortalized himself: of both the others, we hear little. At all events, no account was ever given of what Ryp actually accomplished; and no important discovery has ever been attributed to his exertions, in the second vessel. As experience has subsequently demonstrated, this expedition, which left the Port of Amsterdam, on the tenth of May, 1596, sailed too late for successful Arctic exploration; yet, notwithstanding, accomplished sufficient to demand the utmost efforts of near three hundred years to rival the extent of its results.

The English have endeavored to rob the Dutch of the honor of their discoveries, during this voyage—(even as in the New World, native historians have striven to deprive the Hollanders of much similar credit due to them on the Western Continent)—in this case, however, unsuccessfully.

On the ninth of June, **Barentz** discovered a long, high and rocky island—shaped somewhat like a saddle, i. e. high at either extremity and low in the middle—erroneously supposed to have been first seen by the English **BENNET**, in 1603—whose horrible repulsiveness invested it with every attribute appropriate to the home of desolation and despair. Above its lofty

black—wherever free from ice and snow—and almost inaccessible cliffs, broken into a thousand precipices, towered that sheer peak which still is known by the befitting title of Mount Misery. This lone and dreary spot the stalwort Dutchman, **Barentz**, named “Bear Island,” from the circumstance of having slain upon it a large bear, whose skin measured twelve feet in length—a title, which the English afterwards tried to supplant by that of “Alderman Cherie.”

Barentz next made Spitzbergen, or, as it was long called, East Greenland; and coasted its western shore, even to its utmost northern extremity. Many writers have asserted that this vast tract of Polar land, or Archipelago, was first discovered, or, rather, dimly seen—only seen—through mist and tempest, by Sir HUGH WILLOUGHBY, in 1553, in the reign of Edward the VIth of England; but, as neither the Commander, nor any of his mariners, ever returned, it is scarcely possible to verify what land he actually caught a glimpse of; and what countries he did not set eyes on.

Thus, the first prow which sought to cleave its icy barrier, remains to this day the trophy of the Arctic Circle; and poor Sir Hugh Willoughby was the Sir John Franklin of the XVIth Century. It is very questionable if the first English expedition to the North-East ever saw, much less discovered, in the real sense of the word, or landed on the most southern shores of, Spitzbergen; whose very name attests its Dutch sponsors, being derived from two words in their language—“**Spit**,” signifying Sharp, or Pointed, and “**Berg**,” Mountain.

Barentz, however, made his way to its extreme northern point, through waters studded, in mid-summer, with field-ice, which his look-out reported from the mast-

head as multitudes of snowy swans ; an error not unlikely to have been made, since our own coast affords, in summer, opportunities of witnessing acres upon acres of white gulls ; whose thousands, swimming, can be likened to nothing but an ice-field ; and rising to a vast and dazzling fleecy cloud. This, the writer himself has seen at the entrance of the Bay of Fundy.

How much further to the *northward* **Barntz** made his way, the fog and clouded skies (forbidding observation) prevented him from ascertaining, and posterity from learning from his log or journal. That he made the lofty Hackluyt's Headland—the extreme N. W. extremity of the Spitzbergen Archipelago, which lifts its snow-crowned and lichen-clad eminence 1041 feet above the level of the sea, we *know* ; also, that he reached and discovered land in the latitude of 80 degrees 10 minutes, on the 17th of June, 1596.

Then, impressed with the idea that a rocky barrier stretched onward to the very Pole, **Barntz** headed to the south ; examined the coast, hastily, as far down as latitude 76 degrees, 50 minutes ; passed Cape Look-out, whose coast lines, with those of the adjacent land, resemble intimately the outline of the tail and hind parts of many species of fish—and sighted Bear Island again on the first of July.

At this juncture, **Barntz**, who had hitherto deferred to the wishes of **Cornelis Ryp**, determined to allow his own experience and resolution to be no longer embarrassed by the views of his associate : and, bidding him adieu, bore away alone, to the E. S. E., and made Nova Zembla at midday on the seventeenth of July, observed in latitude 76 degrees 15 minutes ; and is reported to have reached, at least, 77 deg. north,

in doubling Orange Isle, which forms its northern extremity.

Here, however, **Barntz**, it is said by some, realized the evils of his late departure from the Texel; while others endorse the practice of the Dutch and Baltic mariners, who began, and still begin, their northern voyages somewhat later in the season than was subsequently customary among the English fleets destined for Arctic expeditions, for whaling, sealing, and discovery.

After doubling what was then known as Cape Desire, but now as Cape Zelania, the icebergs presented themselves in such numbers, and in such close array, that **Barntz** became satisfied that if he wished to escape and seek a more hospitable climate for his winter sojourn, he must make all sail to the southward, and strive to escape through the Vaigatch Strait. No sooner, however, had he turned his prow, than it seemed as if the icebergs had been transformed by some "Wizard of the North," into pursuing demons—which, as is the case with other fell spirits—having been hitherto held in check by that lofty courage, with which the Dutch mariner defied them; now, on the first sign of irresolution on his part—mustered courage, and united in the pursuit of his flying bark.

How often has it been remarked that "truth is stranger than fiction," and so it proved on this occasion; for, fast as **Barntz** flew before the favoring gales, still faster flew the icy giants, which actually drove his vessel into a small haven, since known as Icy Port, in northern latitude 72 degrees and eastern longitude 70 degrees, and there blockaded him. His dreadful sufferings would occupy too large a space for this occasion, were

we to attempt to give them in detail; sufficient be it to quote the remarks of an old author in regard thereto:

“To attempt any description of their proceedings, their observations, or their afflictions, during this severe trial, would, within the limit of a few lines,—to which it is my wish to confine my remarks in this place,—but spoil a most interesting and affecting narrative.” “The journal of the proceedings of these poor people,” as Mr. Barrow beautifully observes, “during their cold, comfortless, dark, and dreadful winter, is intensely and painfully interesting. No murmuring escapes them in their most hopeless and afflicted situation; but such a spirit of true piety, and a tone of such mild and subdued resignation to Divine Providence, breathe through the whole narrative, that it is impossible to peruse the simple tale of their sojournings, and contemplate their forlorn situation, without the deepest emotion.”

Thus, “cabined, cribbed, and confined,” we discover other parallels, as interesting and remarkable, between the incidents of **Barent’s** log, in 1596, and **McCLURE’S**, in 1850-’1. Let us examine two incidents, which seem to be, in the language of the latter, a mere echo of the records of the former.

No sooner was the Hollandish bark within the jaws of that harbor, which they deemed a place of security, than the pursuing ice closed up the entrance, and even followed them within it, and lifting up the one end of the beleaguered vessel, threw it into an almost perpendicular position, with the other extremity nearly touching the bottom, so that it was partially submerged. From this critical and extraordinary attitude, they were providentially rescued, the very next day after it occurred, by changes in the ice-fields, brought about by the influx of

fresh masses, driven in by the pressure of the outer bergs, which soon formed a complete encompassing bulwark; and precluded all hope of ever being able to rescue the vessel, even if the crew should survive to the ensuing spring. Gradually, by jamming in of successive cakes of ice, over or under the original field, first one side and then the other of the vessel was raised by the insertion of these ice wedges beneath the bilge; until, first canting to port, and then to starboard, the groaning and quivering ship was raised to the top of the constantly-increasing ice-elevation, as if by the scientific application of machinery. While, thus, their minds were agitated by the ever-present dread of the instant and complete destruction of their frail bark, the noises of the ice without, not only that immediately around them, but throughout the harbor and upon the adjacent shores, together with the thundering crashes of the icebergs—hurled against each other by wind and tide, mutually crushing their mighty masses, or toppling them over with a din, as if whole mountains of marble had been blown up by some internal explosive force—almost deprived them of hearing—likewise the cracking and groaning within of the ship itself, was so dreadful—although merely arising from the freezing of the juices of the timber and liquids in the hold—that the crew were terrified, lest their ship should fall in pieces, with every throe, which seemed to rack it from deck to keelson.

Thus far **Barntz**. What now of **McCLURE**? “These preparations” for wintering—where the winter (1850-'1) overtook them, only thirty miles from Barrow Strait, where four days more—four days, denied their prayers and hopes—would have solved the problem of a North-

West Passage—"were made under circumstances that might shake the nerves of a strong man."—"As the ice surged, the ship was thrown violently from side to side, now lifted out of the water, now plunged into a hole."—"The crashing, creaking and straining," says Captain McClure, in his log, "is beyond description; the officer of the watch, when speaking to me, is obliged to put his mouth close to my ear, on account of the deafening noise."

Both of these statements, however startling, are corroborated by the recent narrative of Dr. KANE. After that tremendous gale, "a perfect hurricane," which burst upon him on the 20th of August, 1852, battling whose fury he parted his three most reliable cables, lost his best bower anchor, and finally was wildly dragged along by "a low water-washed berg," which he figuratively styles "our noble tow-horse, whiter than the pale horse that seemed to be pursuing us," his brigantine experienced the same fearful "nippings," and the same gradual but rough uplifting, which have been already described in connection with the "vlie boat" of Barentz, and propeller of McCURE. The language of KANE'S Journal is so beautiful and appropriate that to do the scene full justice it must be quoted entire; and whoever will pause to contemplate the position of the mariner of Amsterdam and that of our own country's Arctic hero, will be struck, if not astonished at the close resemblance of their situations, although at epochs centuries apart,—a resemblance heightened by the similarity of their vessels and crews, both as to burthen and number,—a parallel more perfect than that presented by any other recent polar expedition. Under the lee of a lofty cape and an anchored ice-berg, the staunch little "Advance" brought up at last in comparative safety.

"Now," says the Dr., "began the nippings. The first shock took us on our port-quarter; the brig bearing it well, and, after a moment of the old-fashioned suspense, rising by jerks handsomely. The next was from a veteran floe, tongued and honey-combed, but floating in a single table over twenty feet in thickness. Of course no wood or iron could stand this; but the shoreward face of our iceberg happened to present an inclined plane, descending deep into the water; and up this the brig was driven, as if some great steam screw power was forcing her into a dry-dock." * * *

"As our brig, borne on by the ice, commenced her ascent of the berg, the suspense was oppressive. The immense blocks piled against her, range upon range, pressing themselves under her keel and throwing her over upon her side, till, urged by the successive accumulations, she rose slowly and as if with convulsive efforts along the sloping wall. Still there was no relaxation of the impelling force. Shock after shock, jarring her to her very centre, she continued to mount steadily on her precarious cradle. But for the groaning of her timbers and the heavy sough of the floes, we might have heard a pin drop. And then, as she settled down into her old position, quietly taking her place among the broken rubbish, there was a deep breathing silence, as though all were waiting for some signal before the clamor of congratulation and comment could burst forth."

In a note (17) at the end of Volume 1, Dr. KANE instances another case of similar peril reported by Captain CATOR, of H. B. M. steamer "Intrepid." "His vessel was carried bodily up the inclined face of an iceberg, and, after being high and dry out of water, launched again without injury."

Barentz was now completely enclosed within—to him—impermeable walls of ice; and there, in a hastily constructed hut, short of provisions, fuel, every thing which could make their existence hopeful, an Arctic winter and a Polar night closed in with all their horrors upon that feeble company. In the last days of August, 1596, their dungeon shut upon them. On the 4th of November, no sun uprose again to cheer them; and three long, dreary months elapsed before his returning rays, on the 27th of January, 1597, gladdened the hearts of the survivors.

“In all the relations of this voyage, we meet with an instance of the extraordinary elasticity of spirit, and of the predilection for their national customs, peculiar to the Dutch people”; which it would be an injustice to them to omit.

The fifth of January, the eve of the Festival of the Three Kings, is one of those periodical seasons consecrated by the Hollanders to amusement and exemption from labor. In the very midst of their sufferings, from the extraordinary degree of cold—for the cold of the winter of 1596–’7, was one of the most terrible on record—they earnestly besought their Commander to permit them to celebrate that great Dutch Festival; “philosophically observing that because they expected so many sad days, was no valid reason why they should not enjoy one merry one.” Permission being granted, they chose the Chief Boatswain, or Gunner—for books disagree as to the individual—as their King; a potentate with like authority and functions with the Lord of Misrule in the old English Christmas revels. The little wine which they had saved was now exhausted in pygmy bumpers, to the health of the new Sovereign of Nova-

Zembla ; and with their only remaining two pounds of flour, they fried in oil and tossed the pancake—"de rigueur," on such occasions—with the prescribed ceremonies ; and startled the multitude of bears, prowling day and night about their hut, and made the dreary realms of the dread ice-king re-echo for the first time with the sound of human jollity and happiness. One chronicle even ventures to assert that the evening passed as merrily as if they had been at home, around their own native tile-cased *kagchel* or huge stoves, in that dear Fatherland, so fondly cherished, which they bravely hoped they would yet revisit—hoping against what seemed almost desperate hope !

Blockaded by the ice, beset by bears, whose growls and hungry cries, both at the door and chimney-top, seemed fiend-like, amid the howling of the Arctic gale, the calm, religious faith, and innate resolution of that glorious Hollander, the fearless **William Barentz**, seemed to burn brighter and more cheering with every fresh accession of calamity. On the eleventh of the ensuing June, engaged in constant combats with the bears, the survivors, fourteen in number, who had buried three comrades in the ice, dug out their boats from beneath the superincumbent snow, cut a way through the vast piles of ice which resembled the houses of a great city, interspersed, as it were, with towers, chimneys, lofty gables, and aspiring steeples ; and, on the fourteenth, launched their two frail boats, and set sail, running before a westerly breeze. By the seventeenth, they had passed the Cape of Isles, Cape Desire, the Orange Islands ; and, working their way through the besetting ice, found themselves once more off the Icy Cape, in the latitude of about 68 degrees north, and about two degrees west

of Cape Desire. On the following day the boats were again involved in ice, and so beset and crushed that every one took what he deemed a last adieu of his unfortunate comrades.

Barntz—broken down by long and severe illness, and the extraordinary exertions he had been called upon to make—feeling the fatal hour at hand, while off the Icy Cape, desired to be lifted up, to look once more upon that terrible boundary, which, to him, indeed, had been the *Ultima Thule*, both of his labors and of his life. Gazing upon it, long and wistfully, he seemed to be taking his last look of earth. Rallying, however, he, together with the rest of the sick, was landed, on the ensuing day, upon that shore he was destined never to leave again alive.

There, the severe illness of Claes Andriz or Adrianson was reported to the dying Ice-Master, who simply remarked in reply, that he himself was likewise not far from his end; intimating that they who had encountered such dangers together were about to enter the Port of Eternity in company. Still, conversing and looking on a chart drawn by Gerard De Veer, none dreamed that he, so cheerful and undaunted, could lie, as it were, upon the very threshold of his fate; when he suddenly and gently moved aside the map, desired a drink of water, and instantly expired.

After the death of **Barntz**—an inexpressible blow to the survivors, who had relied upon his fearlessness, experience and attainments in navigation, to extricate them from the manifold and terrific perils which beset their further progress—the two boats, with their crews, now reduced to thirteen men, broken in health and spirits, made good their escape from this dismal

country ; and, after a perilous and painful voyage of eleven hundred and forty-three miles, arrived in safety at Kola, in Russian Lapland : others say, Vardoehuus—from an hundred to an hundred and fifty miles further west—the most northern fort and port in Europe, in the Norwegian Island of Vardoe, off Finmark—where they met with their consort, commanded by Jan Cornelis Ryp, which they supposed had long since perished, —and, with gratitude unfeigned, in the “Merchants’ House” of that seaport, deposited their shattered boats as “a sign and token of their deliverance,” therein to be preserved as a simple but touching memorial of their own sufferings and the extreme goodness of God, as evinced in their preservation.

Cornelis, or Ryp, having joyfully received them on board his vessel, set sail for Amsterdam ; “where,” says Davies, “they were received as men risen from the dead, the failure in the object of their expedition being wholly forgotten in admiration at the surpassing courage and patience with which they had endured their sufferings.”

Words cannot do justice to the perseverance, courage, energy, and capacity of **William Barentz**, or **Barentzson** ; and, be it remembered, that a greater portion of the southern coast of Nova Zembla, which the Dutch left unexplored, at this era, remains so ; and is so laid down upon the maps even of the present day.

His memory is one of the Fatherland’s most glorious possessions ; and two centuries and a half of unremitting enterprise and rivalry have not eclipsed the maritime triumphs he achieved for Amsterdam, and the States-General.

It is somewhat remarkable that hitherto no great

national enterprise has accomplished more astonishing results in maritime discovery, than those which have rewarded the perseverance and courage of individuals. **Barentz**, with his single vessel, surpassed every thing which has since been attempted in that quarter; in the same manner that Captain **WEDDELL**, a private trader, in a "frail bark of 160 tons," fitted out for the seal fishery, made more wonderful discoveries, and penetrated nearer to the colder and less accessible Antarctic Pole, in latitude 74 degrees 15 minutes, in 1823, than any previous navigator, clearing the track, and paving the way, as it were, for subsequent and more elaborate attempts. Our own gallant Dr. **KANE**, whom the country may well honor, both living and dead, with his little hermaphrodite brig of 144 tons, is another remarkable instance. Great is their glory, immortal their renown! But, even yet, the palm remains with **Barentz**; for, to the first in any dangerous expedition, belongs, or should belong, the maximum of credit. He who leads the way deserves the unfading coronal; provided he is not too far outstripped by those who avail themselves of his experience, and follow in his wake. To **William Barentz**, it would seem to me, the words of Horace will apply, more justly than to any other seaman whose keel has ever ploughed the Arctic Seas, or whose prow has ever "bored" the Polar Ice:

"Illi robur et æs triplex
 Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
 Commisit pelago ratem
 PRIMUS,"

"In Oak or triple Brass his Heart was cas'd, who first to bellowing Seas entrusted the frail Bark."

How apposite the whole, particularly "the frail bark," and the term "bellowing," as applied to the Polar Seas and their denizens!

However brave and successful subsequent explorers have proved themselves, his be the laurel who the peril first assayed; and even as the Latin poet celebrates in undying verse the resolution of the first mortal who dared the tempestuous waves, the Knickerbocker's heart should cling to **Barentz**, the Patriarch of Arctic navigators, with scarcely less affectionate remembrance than that which warms his bosom toward KANE. A three-fold cord should bind the New-Netherlander's sympathies to **Barentz**, whose corpse, bedewed with manhood's burning tears, sleeps, tombed within the Arctic Circle—his trophy, obelisk and sepulchre, the undissolving glacier and the eternal iceberg; his dirge, the howling of the polar bear and roaring of the fearless walrus, the thunder-tones of the ice conflict, and the wild music of the Arctic gale, amid the monumental ice—the first, a common origin; the second, his success; the third, his fate: a victor, to whose very bones Fortune denied a fitting obsequy.

And here, a short digression seems admissible, whose sombre interest must excuse a farther tax upon the reader's time and patience. **Barentz** and his fellow Dutchmen were not the only Hollanders who dared affront the Winter King by trespassing upon his frigid realm, and wintering amid the polar ice, two centuries and a quarter since. Dutch sailors were the first human beings who ever *voluntarily* passed a winter on the inhospitable, ice-bound shores of Spitzbergen. The forlorn hope consisted of seven volunteers from the Dutch fleet, in 1633, all of whom were restored to their country in safety. This was a regular attempt to establish a settlement. The following year—1634—a second party of seven voluntarily assumed the place

of their fortunate predecessors, all of whom perished. Thus terminated all hopes of colonizing this northern region with success. The bodies of the last seven were found twenty years afterwards, in a perfect state of preservation—three enclosed in rude coffins, two in their beds, and two on the floor, “not having suffered the slightest degree of putrefaction.”

Again: In addition to the honor of its discovery, the Dutch likewise attempted to colonize Jan-Mayen Island, latitude 70 deg. 29 minutes north, longitude 7 deg. 31 minutes west, whose lofty peak, Beerenberg, 6,870 feet above the level of the sea, was seen, ninety-five to one hundred miles, from the deck of the ship “Fame”; while a volcano, the Esk—named after the *Esk* whaler, of Whitby, whose master, WILLIAM SCORESBY, Junior, was the first to explore its desolation,—is occasionally active, and enjoys the reputation of being the most northern burning mountain ever witnessed in eruption. Seven Dutch seamen are, without doubt, the only human beings who ever wintered on this island. They were volunteers from the Dutch Whale Fishing Fleet, whose fearlessness the “Greenland Company” availed themselves of, to make a most dangerous but interesting experiment in colonization. It is conceded that the journal of these mariners furnishes a better account, both of the wind and weather, from the 26th August, 1633, to the 1st May, 1634, than almost any published record of observation made in so high a latitude. Every one of them survived the perils and severities of the winter months, but perished miserably from the attacks of scurvy, induced by their inability to provide themselves with fresh provisions. The first death occurred on the 16th of April, and on

the first of May their journal terminated. When the Dutch fleet returned, on the fourth of June, they found the corpses of the seven, mummified by the frost, lying within their huts, at once their dwellings and their tombs.

From **Barentz**, and this succinct but loving tribute to the Dutch, within the Northern frigid zone, let us resume, once more, a topic nearer home—that of

The Dutch in Maine.

We, Americans, neglecting both the surpassing magnificence—nay, often sublimity—and the rare loveliness of various districts of our own Continent, wander forth across the seas, to seek, at great expense, and amid physical and moral dangers, scenery in foreign lands, which falls short of the attractions of much we possess at home. Thus, how few are alive to the glorious and varied beauty of that zone of islands, which, commencing with the perfection of Casco Bay, terminates with the precipitous, seal-frequented shores of Grand-Menau, at the entrance of the Bay of Fundy. Of all the Archipelagoes sung by the poet, described by the historian, and depicted by the painter, there is none which can exceed, in its union of charms, those two hundred miles of intermingling land and ocean, where, lost in each other's embrace, the sea seems in love with the land, and the shore with the foam-frosted waves!

At two points of this interesting and beautiful coast the Dutch planted the honored flag of the United Provinces; and, at several other points, they themselves were located by their English conquerors; who, desirous of availing themselves of their thrift and industry, transplanted them thither from the shores of the Hud-

son—(where they had already achieved a partial conquest over Nature, by their energetic industry, and had entirely [?] conquered the barbarous instincts and enmity of their savage neighbors, by their stubborn integrity and sober diligence)—to renew the encounter with a more inhospitable climate, and more savage tribes, for the benefit of a bigoted and unscrupulous despot!

In compiling the present article, much time and labor has been expended in the investigation of old records, which, to their want of interest and grace, added a barrenness unusual and repulsive. So that, after all, the greater portion of the facts embodied have been derived from Sullivan's History of the District of Maine, published in Boston, in 1795; and Williamson's History of the State of Maine, published at Hallowell, in 1839. Every work, however, which promised farther or corroborating testimony, and was available, was eagerly sought and carefully examined, as far as time and opportunities permitted. In all these investigations, nothing appears in any of the works consulted, with regard to the Commission issued to **Cornelis Steenwyck**, as Governor of Nova Scotia and Acadie, given by the Directors of the Privileged General West India Company of the United Netherlands, at Amsterdam, on the 27th of October, 1676; or, of their Ordinance, dated the eleventh of September, of that year,—presented at the November meeting of the New York Historical Society. Still, there is scarcely any question, but that the frigate "Flying Horse," commanded by Capt. JURRIAEN AERNOUTS, from Curacoa, was the one whose crew captured the Fort Pentagoet, or Penttegeovett—the name originally given by the French to the Penobscot—in the very year mentioned in the Ordinance.

Although the Commission to *Steenwyck*, granted by the General West India Company, is too long to insert in this connection, its examination will repay the reader, inasmuch as it will remove all doubts as to the reality of the conquest effected by the Dutch, which could not be considered a mere temporary occupation, since it was still looked upon as an unquestioned possession after the lapse of two years. In fact, it must have been a conquest as entire as their recapture of New Amsterdam, or New York, about the same time (1673-'4), when, even yet, the tricolor of Holland floated gloriously over every sea, and only seven years before (1667) had displayed its folds almost within sight of the startled population of London, while the hoarse resonance of the Dutchmen's cannonade sounded a grim accompaniment to the glare of England's burning fleet and naval preparation.

It is by no means surprising that the English were able to render nugatory all the efforts of the Dutch in this quarter, for the vicinity of their settlements and the advances which they had made in population, exerted the same influence with regard to a conflict with the Dutch, as that which rendered the subjugation of the Thirteen Colonies impossible to the whole power of Great Britain. The chief difficulty which the Hollanders had to overcome, was the distance which they had to transport their "*personnel* and *materiel*," to contest and retain possession of a country to which both French and English laid claim, and had partially occupied; to the East and North of which the former had already established themselves firmly, and to the West and South-West the latter; while another formidable obstacle existed in its very midst, in the presence of

the Indian tribes, strongly attached to their Roman Catholic allies, both by the potent bonds of religion and interest.

Almost midway between the mouth of the lovely Kennebeck, and of that main artery of the lumber-trade, the Penobscot, on the line of Lincoln and Hancock counties, the ocean forms a deep and spacious—appropriately styled—Broad Bay ; which is so laid down on ancient maps, and is now known as Muscongus Bay ; embraced between Pleasant Point on the east, and Penmaquid Point on the west. At the head waters of this Bay, once known as Broad Cove, as early as 1632 (?) the Dutch landed and made a settlement ; of which many interesting vestiges are still in existence ; and, it is said, that to this day, the Dutch language is perpetuated in the township of Bremen, lying on the west side of Broad or Muscongus Bay ; maintained by the constant accession of German settlers, invited thither by the sympathetic kindred ties of speech and lineage. At this time, or subsequently—although it is generally supposed that it was much later, towards the end of the XVIIth century, 1665 or 1680—Dutch families settled on several of the adjacent streams. At all events, at Woodbridge-Neck, on the eastern bank of the Sheepscot River, a mile above Wiscasset Point, or Village, there are appearances of a very ancient (Dutch?) settlement, where the cavities of many cellars are now manifest ; though there are trees in some of them of a large size. At the moment this is prepared, it is but honest to state that the authority is forgotten on which the date of 1632 is based for the first Dutch settlement in Maine ; but whether it was earlier or later, Sullivan, who is often quoted, and apparently regarded as excel.

lent authority by subsequent writers, admits that in the year 1642, the Colonies of Massachusetts, New Plymouth, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, formed a Congress of Commissioners, "for the ostensible purpose of guarding themselves against the Dutch, who had taken possession of the Territory on the south of them."

It is reasonable to suppose that these Colonies were aroused to more decided measures, by the appearance of such sturdy enemies on the north likewise; and the actual establishment of a settlement in that quarter. Their fears could not have been excited anew by any movements towards the south and east; inasmuch as the Dutch had been already located along the Hudson for upwards of thirty years; and on the Connecticut for the last eleven. This opinion seems also justified by the subsequent language of the same historian: "When the Dutch and French had *before* been in possession of Acadie, the people of the English Colonies were very uneasy at being destitute of the protection of the parent state; but their being Puritans, effectually prevented their having any assistance from the other side of the water. In the year 1635, the Plantations in New England appointed Edward Winslow as an agent to represent to his Majesty, that his territories were encroached upon by the French and Dutch, and to pray that his Majesty would either procure peace with those nations, or give authority to the English Colonies to act in their own defence."

What the force of the military quotas, to be furnished by the different colonies, amounted to in 1635, does not appear in this connection; but in May, 1672, the union of the three Colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth and Connecticut, was renewed by Commissioners, and

ratified by the general Court at Boston. By that engagement, the proportion of men for any general service was settled for the fifteen years next ensuing, whereby Massachusetts was to furnish one hundred, Plymouth thirty, and Connecticut sixty men.

There seems to be little or no doubt but that Broad Bay was the first point conquered or occupied by the Dutch; the second, and certain scene of their gallantry and enterprise, Castine. This is one of the most remarkable points all along our Coasts; which, under any other government than our own, would have long since been transformed into a naval and military fortress of the first class. The Peninsula of Castine, originally known to the Europeans as Bagaduce-point, or neck, but by the Indians styled Ma-je-big-wa-do-sook—twenty miles from the outermost island in Penobscot-Bay,—lies on the eastern side of the mouth of the river of that name, “which river was the ancient seat of Acadie,” directly opposite to the flourishing Port of Belfast. It constitutes one of the most prominent objects in that panorama of Penobscot-Bay, whose beauty, when flooded with sunlight, will rank with many of the most celebrated coast-views of the Old World. To one unacquainted with its history, almost every vestige of its military occupation has disappeared, although a soldier’s eye would readily detect their existence.

Near the water, at the extreme point, are the remains of an old American Fort; blown up by the English when they relinquished it. This appears to have been simply a half-moon battery, with a brick revetment, resting upon a stone foundation without a ditch. Piles of brick in the rear of this work, indicate, perhaps, the location of furnaces for heating shot; while at this time

a single rusty iron-gun, lying on the top of the parapet, is all that remains of its armament. Upon the summit of the hill, in the rear of this, the English who occupied this point throughout the Revolutionary and the last wars, and who had no idea of relinquishing a position so important, in every point of view, constructed a large bastioned fort, or field-work, now grass-grown, and undergoing gradual demolition by the action of the elements. They likewise cut a deep ditch or canal through the narrow neck beyond; and thus rendered the peninsula an island, more susceptible of defence; whose natural capabilities are such that it might easily be rendered a place of immense strength. The village itself is neat, pretty and attractive; seated upon a spacious and excellent harbor; accessible at all seasons of the year, and possessing sufficient depth for ships of the very largest class.

In 1626, or 1627, the Colony of New Plymouth, settled on this Peninsula, then, as was stated above, called Bagaduce-point, or neck, and built a fort, whose ruins, or rather some faint appearances of such a defensible work, are known by the name of Casteen's (Castine's) fort.

In 1635, Rosillan, a Frenchman, from Nova Scotia, captured the trading house and fortified position, having three years' previous, in 1632, by a stratagem robbed the garrison.

From 1635 to 1654, the country between the Penobscot and St. Croix was in the possession of the French; although in 1653, Major Sedgwick, commanding an expedition sent out by Oliver Cromwell, ostensibly against the Dutch, who had settled on the Hudson, suddenly turned his course to Acadie, and removed the

French from the Penobscot. In 1670, Charles II. having by the treaty of Breda ceded all Acadie to the French, they, thus and then, obtained a re-possession of the territory; although it is not certain that they did not maintain their military occupation of the fort of Mount Manssell, or St. Sauveur, now Mount Desert, (*Monts-Deserts*) throughout that period, and even as late as 1696, when they had lost all their other possessions in this region.

The Dutch, however, within three years after, i. e. 1673 or 1674, expelled the French, and made themselves masters of the country; and the people of New England soon after, in turn, expelled the Dutch. "It was a very imprudent attempt," says the Puritan historian, "in the Dutch to take possession of a country so remote from the Hudson, where they had fixed their Colony." He forgot, when he made this remark, that they had prosecuted more distant and dangerous expeditions, with glorious and lastingly beneficial results.

Notwithstanding this nominal re-conquest by the New Englanders, the distresses of the Indian wars, from 1675 to 1692, rendered the country of very little consequence, whether to Great Britain or to Boston; and scarcely any settlements, for agricultural purposes, were attempted in the earlier years of this Colony.

This settlement was nearly broken up in 1676, and entirely broken up in the year 1690. "In fact the French were, with the Indians, in possession of that part of the Continent, until they were removed, after the year 1692, by Sir William Phips, the first Governor of the Province of Massachusetts, under the charter of William and Mary."

In relation to the expedition of Major Sedgwick, in

1653, and the Dutch occupation of the shores of the Penobscot, Sullivan would lead any reader to suppose that the Dutch held them at this early date—1653—and thus must have *twice*, if not *thrice*—1653, 1674, and 1676—wrested their trading posts in that quarter from the French ; for, while at page 283, he states that the Cromwellian Commander removed the *French*, with whom the English were at peace, from the district watered by the great river of Maine ; at page 293, he uses the following distinct and unmistakable language : “In Acadie, there was another territory, east of the then county of New Castle, which was not comprehended within the Duke’s (York’s) Province of New York. This was perhaps the ancient Norumbegua. It extended from Pemaquid to St. Croix, comprehending Mount Mansell, or Mount Desert, and the territory of Penobscott.”

* * * * *

“It was there, that the people of New Plymouth erected their trading-house, in 1627, which was taken by the French ; was afterwards taken by the Dutch ; and re-taken by Sedgwick under Cromwell.”

Now, in 1653, England, at peace with France, was engaged in a sharply-contested war with the United Provinces ; and, it can be readily supposed that an expedition of the former would be more likely to fall upon the positions of an enemy than those of a peaceable neighbor. However, such are the facts we possess ; and we can only draw the most reasonable inference they admit of. There—on the Penobscot—where the Dutch have left mementoes of their visits—the struggle between the French Huguenot DE LA TOUR, and his rival, the Roman Catholic D’AULNEY, attract-

ed the attention of the American Colonies ; there, that extraordinary character, by some supposed to have been a Jesuit, the Baron CASTINE, taught the natives the European art of war ; and by his own influence, and that of LE MASSE, a Roman Catholic Priest, as well as of the missionaries of that Church, in general, rendered the Penobscot Indians, savage enough by nature, still more pitiless and cruel.

Thus far, Sullivan. In this connection, some few details present themselves in WILLIAMSON'S History : "The Dutch," says he, "had manifested early and great desires to share the North American coast with the English and French." "The country was open and inviting to various adventurers. The Indian trade, mast- ing and fishing, offered encouragement to enterprise." "Commercial in their pursuits, they—(the Dutch)—knew how to set an adequate value upon water-priv- ileges ; and, after their treaty with England, A. D. 1674, being still at war with France, they dispatched an arm- ed ship to seize upon the Fort at Penobscot. In the capture, there was a loss of men on both sides. The success was not pursued—the enterprise offered no considerable gains ; and the possession acquired was not long retained."

Even without further information, can there be any doubt whatever, that the armed vessel referred to above was the "Flying Horse," which, in the commis- sion of the West India Company, mentioned in the pre- ceding portion of this paper, is stated to have "con- quered and subdued the coasts, and countries of Nova Scotia and Acadie ?"

In this expedition "was also present, and assisted with his advice and force, JOHN RHOADE," who was em-

powered, by the Ordinance, dated 11th September, 1676, to take possession of and colonize, cultivate and trade along the whole of the adjacent coast; and which invested him, in fact, with full powers, to protect and maintain himself thereupon.

Williamson subsequently goes on to say: "Such was the peculiar intipathy generally entertained towards the principles and manners of the French, that any seizure of their dominions, it might be well supposed, would excite gratitude, as well as pleasure, among the English Colonists. Possibly influenced by this motive, certainly by a perpetual desire of possessing a fine unoccupied region, the *Dutch* again, in the spring of 1676, sent a man of war to Penobscot, and captured the French fortification there; determining now to keep possession of the country. But, as this was a part of New England, and within the Duke's (of York's) Province, and as anticipations were entertained of its returning, amid some future events, to the English, or their Colonists, either by purchase, recession, or reconquest, two or three vessels were dispatched thither from Boston, which drove the Dutch from the peninsula." "To the French, this must have afforded the greater satisfaction, because the English captors did not tarry, but immediately abandoned the place."

In connection with the first of these expeditions, HUTCHINSON furnishes, as a note to his History of Massachusetts Bay, a manuscript account of a message from Hartford to New York, which gives the following interesting incidents:

"May 28th, 1672, war was proclaimed against the Dutch in Boston, in consequence of the King's declaration of war, published in England. This was the first

instance of any public declaration of war in the Colony. In the Dutch wars, in the time of the Parliament and Cromwell, and in the former war, after the restoration, until forces came to reduce the Mahadoes (Manhattan), correspondence and commerce continued between the Colonies, notwithstanding the war in Europe."

"In August, the same year, 1672, advice came to Boston, that the Dutch, after taking several ships, at Virginia, had possessed themselves of New York; whilst Colonel Lovelace, the Governor, was at New Haven; and that the Dutch force was bound further northward. This intelligence caused a great alarm in the Colony. The Castle having been destroyed not long before, Boston was less capable of defence. The best preparations were made. The Dutch fleet returned to Europe."

"This acquisition was accidental, according to the account given by the Dutch at New York." "Four Hollanders"—sent to sea, by the Admiralty of Amsterdam, under the command of Commodore **Jacob Binkes**,—"and three Zealanders"—under Capt. **Cornelius Evertson**, son of the Vice-Admiral of the same name, dispatched by the States and Admiralty of Zealand—"met off Martinico; one side with French, the other with English, colors; and prepared to fight—until, by hoisting their proper colors, they better understood one another. They then joined together, and agreed upon an expedition to Virginia and New York. The Dutch Guinea Fleet was intended for the same service; but these other ships saved them the trouble."

Besides their first settlement at Broad Bay, and their conquests on the Penobscott, Dutch Colonies were planted on several points between the Kennebeck

and Penobscot; along the important estuaries, which, penetrating deeply into the land, afforded such facilities for intercourse, when land-travel was almost interdicted.

“Settlements,” says Sullivan, “from the year 1665, were increased in Pemaquid—settled before Boston—about thirty miles west of Penobscot Bay. There were a number of people who came down from the Dutch settlements at the Manhatoes, or New York. The Duke of York had the New Netherlands, or what is now New York, granted him in the year 1664.” “The settlements increased until the year 1680.” “His Governor, named Dungan (Dongan), was over this eastern grant, as well as that on the Hudson. The Government under the Duke erected a Fort at Pemaquid, near the remains of which is the ruin of a town; there is yet, under the rubbish, a paved street, and the cellars of nearly thirty, or perhaps forty, houses. The lands there were granted under the Duke of York’s title; and many Deeds, made by his Governor, have been exhibited in the contests in that country, within thirty years past.”

During his administration and agency of five years—which terminated with the month of March, 1688—particularly about the year 1687, Dongan, who was both Governor of the Province and private agent of the Duke, removed many Dutch families from the banks of the Hudson to his [James’s] new Province, on Sheepscoot River. They remained there, and at Pemmaquid, until the settlements were broken up by the wars, which were soon afterwards commenced with the savages. But these devastations of the French, and their barbarous allies, were not the first wrongs which the unfortunate Dutch Colonists had experienced.

All Governor Dongan's "measures in this region were rendered extremely unpopular, by the cupidity and arbitrary procedure of his agents, Palmer, West, and Graham; for they placed, and displaced, at "pleasure"; and some of the first settlers were denied grants of their own homesteads; while these men were wickedly dividing some of the best improved lands among themselves."

Thus terminated in misfortune the last settlement effected by the Dutch upon the coast of Maine: and I should remark that yet slight mementoes of the race and language in that region are among the best proofs of the fearless and stubborn perseverance of the self-reliant Hollander.

Here ends the result of these historical investigations, as to the **Dutch in Maine**, with the exception of a few remarks relative to the opinions entertained by the English towards the Dutch. The former appear to have set the highest value upon the natural advantages of the regions now embraced within the limits of the state of Maine. According to Hutchinson, President Danforth held, "that it were better to expend three thousand pds. [sterling] to gain Canada itself"—which included Acadie—"than that either the French or the Dutch should have it; such is the value of the fishery, masting, and fur trade." This Governor Danforth, a man of integrity and wisdom, was elected Deputy-Governor in 1679, and in the same year first President of the Province of Maine. He held both these offices until the arrival of Governor Andros, at the end of the year 1686. Of this Governor (Andros), it is said that he "feared the Dutch," the more particularly as he supposed that "if they again

seized upon the open country, between the Penobscot and St. Croix, which were both in his Commission, and in the Duke of York's Patent, they might, with the present temper of the (English) nation in their favor, be permitted to retain possession of it." We must remember, that at this date the British nation were looking to **William, Prince of Orange**, and his Protestant subjects, the Hollanders, as their only means of deliverance from spiritual and political tyranny. The Dutch, however, appear to have been the only enemies whom the New Englanders really feared in this quarter. This is readily explained. As seamen, the Dutch stood unrivaled; and this coast afforded not only materials for a navy, but various sources of wealth to a commercial people; moreover, the French never appear to have succeeded as Colonists, while the Dutch seem to have scarcely ever met with failure.

On the sea, the British encountered an equal foe in the Hollander. With the Frenchman, on that element, not his own, every engagement insured an almost certain and glorious triumph. Hence, the commercial enterprise of the former, and their skill and bravery in action, aroused the latent spirit which has marked the rivalry which time and circumstances are lessening; because, whilst the valor of the Dutch has suffered no diminution, their physical power has decreased. Like causes produce like effects. The power which of old directed its efforts, and those of the English Colonists, to expel the Dutch from North America, has seen another nation there arise to contend with it for the mastery of the seas—having the expanding stature of a giant, the numerous sinewy arms of Briareus, and the keen eyes of Argus; of which, if the assertion of Ovid

be true, only two of the one hundred are asleep at a time!

* * * *

And so, for the present, with an anecdote of a Dutchman's gallantry in New England, we bid adieu to the

“Dutch in Maine”:

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a British naval Commander was sent to cruise upon the coast of Spain, with instructions, however, to confine himself within certain limits, under penalty of death in case of any transgression of his orders. Having received intelligence that some Spanish vessels lay at Vigo, beyond the bounds of his cruising ground, he resolved to proceed at once to attack them, although he periled his life by so doing.

Fortunately, a complete success rewarded his gallantry, and no doubt saved his life. On rejoining the Admiral, to whose fleet his vessels belonged, he was immediately placed under arrest, and asked if he was aware that by the articles of war he was liable to be shot for his utter disregard of the orders issued for his guidance? His reply is so honorable and patriotic, that it is much to be regretted that the author's name is not recorded: “I was perfectly aware of the penalty incurred,” said he, “but I felt that the man who is afraid to risk his life *in any way*, when the good of his country requires it, is unworthy of a command in her Majesty's service.”

This officer had several of the strongest incentives to influence his course of action: not only the hope of personal distinction and glory, but national pride and intense hatred of the enemy. Still, none of these detract from his credit.—But Hutchinson, in his History,

records a much more remarkable parallel case, where gallantry, and a mere sense of duty, induced a Dutch sailor to run an equal risk, with a much greater certainty of suffering the penalty. And if the ships of the United Provinces were manned with men cast in such a mould, and animated with such a spirit, it is not to be wondered that, with this and no doubt other similar examples before them, the jealous fear which the English felt towards the Dutch, as to a naval and commercial people, should have extended to New England, and rendered the Pilgrim Fathers exceedingly uneasy at every appearance of a Dutch frigate or squadron upon their own or the neighboring coast. It is in this connection, that the following anecdote does not seem inappropriate to the subject :

It appears from a letter dispatched from Massachusetts Bay to London, in 1675, that one **Cornelis**—a Dutchman—who had been captured and sentenced to death for some offence against the real or imaginary maritime rights of that Colony, was pardoned on condition of enlisting in the forces destined to act against the celebrated Indian King, Philip, who had, in the very year above mentioned, commenced that terrible war which desolated the settlements in New England. On one occasion, **Cornelis** pursued the celebrated Sachem, and pressed him so hard, that he obtained possession of his cap or head-dress, and afterwards wore the trophy himself. The Commandant of the Provincial troops, finding him so brave a man, promoted and sent him on a certain occasion at the head of twelve men, “to scout,” with orders, for some particular reason not stated, to return within three hours, on pain of death in case of disobedience. While scouring the

country, he came suddenly upon sixty Indians, who had just landed, and were hauling up their canoes upon the shore. Of these he killed thirteen, captured eight, and followed the rest as far as he could, until debarred farther pursuit by swamps and other natural obstacles. On his return march he burned all the canoes belonging to the routed party. This exploit occupied eight hours. On rejoining the main body, a council of war was summoned, and **Cornelis**, although it is scarcely credible, instead of promotion and high reward, was sentenced to death for breach of orders. Had he been an Englishman instead of a Dutchman, his gallantry would, doubtless, have been amply recompensed ; but as it was, the Puritans held that they acted justly in pardoning him a second time. The dauntless Hollander seems to have been a true son of the Fatherland (**Vaterland**), feeling that

“The path of Duty
Is the way to Glory”!

and a short time afterwards, having been detached on another scout, brought in twelve Indians alive and two scalps.

* * * *

Although the theme selected for this evening might here be drawn to a close, it is difficult to lay aside the pen, with the enterprise and resolution of the Hollanders so vividly impressed upon the mind, by the examination of the records of their voyages, of their discoveries, and of their triumphs. The influence of the Dutch upon the progress of the Middle States, has never been sufficiently considered in any history of that region, which embraces the “Empire” and “Key-Stone” States, whose possession by the British and emancipa-

tion by the Patriot armies of the Revolution, decided the fate of that contest which made us what we are. Without solidity of character, no bulwark, however wisely planned, and theoretically constructed, can resist the assaults of corruption, or the gradual aggressions of time. A bulwark deficient in the main principle—solidity—resembles the painted screens set up by the Chinese and Japanese, in the hope of imposing upon an enemy, by such fictitious representations of fortresses and entrenchments. The solidity of character which distinguishes the population of the “Empire State,” is due, in a great degree, to the Dutch elementary ingredient, which met and repulsed the encroachments of French ambition. No province furnished troops throughout the long wars with France and the Mother Country, so susceptible of discipline, so patient of fatigue, and so determined in combat, as that of New York. The fiercest battle which characterizes our Revolutionary history, the bloody struggle at Oriskany, where the opposing troops lay locked in the death gripe with their weapons sheathed in each other’s bosoms—was decided, in its very centre, by the Dutchmen of Mohawk, as yet almost without admixture of any other leaven.

That victory, which was among the first—and in many respects the very first—that opened the eyes of the European governments to the reality of the power of the American Colonies, and the probability of their ultimate success; that victory which delivered into the hands of the Americans, Burgoyne’s carefully prepared, ably officered, and splendidly appointed army, was due, in common with the other gallant soldiers there collected, chiefly to the Dutch troops, marshalled by the activ-

ity, energy, capacity and patriotism of an Americo-Dutch General, who *had* decided the question by masterly dispositions and dogged resistance—taking advantage of natural obstacles, and combining the defences furnished by nature with the stubborn courage of the people—before the forces from other States had concentrated their numbers, or an English General, through the influence of New England, had assumed the command.

On the 6th of December, 1828, the late Chancellor KENT, then President of this Society, delivered the Anniversary discourse; in which, in clear and forcible language, he pointed out the distinctive merits of the many eminent men who, in their several spheres, had nobly sustained the well-earned fame of this, their native State, by their talents, their zeal, and patriotic devotion; the most conspicuous of whom were of Hollandish descent. In a well merited and animated eulogium, he bore testimony to the transcendant abilities and characteristic virtues of that General, PHILIP SCHUYLER, whom Gates superseded, and who fell a sacrifice, according to Chief Justice Marshall, to prejudices—the influence of which, as above stated, unhappily for himself and his country, on that occasion prevailed.

No matter how strong the Dutch ingredient, a greater numerical preponderance of the English almost conceals its actual existence; and this vast numerical aggregate of the descendants of Englishmen, is sufficient, in itself, to account for the comparatively small influence exhibited by those of the Hollanders in these United States. We say, comparatively small; yet, it is wonderful, with all the efforts which have been made to conceal and decry the influence of the Hollandish blood, to find to what a degree it has nevertheless made itself felt,

and compelled unwilling acknowledgment. That very fact,—its existence—the growing investigation of its origin, and the development of its forces—is the proudest monument which can be reared to Hollandish ancestry. Year by year, justice has been, and will be, more and more accorded to it.

New England enterprise and its results are justly the boast of New England historians, orators, politicians, and divines. Both have been wonderful—greater, by far, than those of the New Netherlanders. But why? Every honest investigator of history, while willing to admit that the New Netherlanders have not grown to like stature, has likewise attributed it to the just cause—the monopolizing efforts of the Dutch West India Company, whose jealousy of individual profits contracted all the operations of the Dutch settlements on this Continent. But a New Netherlander has no need of defence, when he can carry the war into Africa, and win an historical and *Christian* Zama under the very walls of his opponents' Carthage. The New Netherlander can go forth to the moral battle—leaving his household treasures secure within the safeguards, of which an honest purchase of the soil laid the foundation, and persevering thrift and stainless integrity built up the towers. New Amsterdam and its dependent towns and villages had laid the corner-stone of their institutions, upon the principles of universal brotherhood and religious toleration, and built up each successive course with that impermeable cement which alone can bind the human race together—peace and good will towards men! Except during the administration of one bad Governor, Willem Kieft, the authorities of New Amsterdam cultivated the friendship

and co-operation of the Indian tribes, with such success that the fierce Indian became, under their influence, comparatively amicable; admitting that the Hollanders' tongue was not yet "forked," like most of the other white men's tongues, with whom they had been brought in contact. Undoubted historical facts attest the influence exercised over the neighboring tribes by the brave and honest **Cortlaer**, whose name the Indians held so honorable that they conferred it as the most fitting title on all the New York Governors; and of that stout-hearted, true, and generous "Quidder"—as the Iroquois pronounced the Christian name of **Peter Schuyler**—whose word was law to the celebrated Five Nations. The latter's peaceful laurels no bigoted and prejudiced historian can displace, even as they were torn from the brow of his illustrious son, to crown the undeserving, vapid, and defeated opponent of Cornwallis at Camden.

Again: How many authors, who have devoted their pens to the history of our country, have been seduced into the error of countenancing the statement, that the only colony on this Continent which proclaimed religious toleration, with the first display of its ensigns, was that of Maryland! This error is worse than a common error; since it is an injustice to a people who, at home and abroad, have been ever tolerant—so tolerant, that in Holland alone, of all other nations on the face of the earth, prior to the middle of the preceding century, even the Jews became fixed and patriotic citizens.

When the people of the eastern settlements were depriving the Dutch of their choice lands along the Connecticut, fugitives from thence, for opinion's sake, had

resorted to New Amsterdam, where they were received with a hospitality only equalled by that offered by the parent country to the Protestant refugees from the tyranny of France. It was not until New Amsterdam had become *de facto* New York, and the English elements had predominated over the Batavian and Knickerbocker, that anything like intolerance was admitted into the administration and councils of the Colony. Even the Jesuits found in the Dutch not only a sympathetic and tolerant but a practical Christianity, which, more than once, at great risk, interposed between them and their captors, the Indians, in the interest of the Anglo-Saxon settlements.

When the aged Charles IX., of Sweden—with difficulty maintaining, by the superiority of his sagacity, as well as the force of his arms, his rights and the integrity of the Swedish realm, against a union of potent and inimical neighbors—was gradually lapsing into a state of physical debility, he felt his powers, as it were, rejuvenated, and the future of his country assured, in contemplating the goodly promise of his great son, Gustavus Adolphus; and, thus comforted and sustained, the warrior-politician sunk into his grave with a prophetic "*ille faciet*" on his lips and in his heart. Even so, men of Hollandish blood can afford to hope and wait. The Anglo-Puritan history of the New Netherlanders *has been* written, and ably written; but that of the Saxon-Knickerbocker remains *to be* written. The historian is yet to arise, who, rich in the fruits of faithful and laborious research, and endowed with graphic power, commensurate with his subject, will mingle with his theme the fidelity and ardor of a matured judgment. "*Ille faciet!*"—He will accomplish

it! Meanwhile, let us content ourselves with the aphorism of Montesquieu: "*Tot ou tard, tout se sait*" Sooner or later, everything is known. The good time must come, when truth will be made manifest! Light is breaking in upon a people who now judge for themselves; who not only read the books of other nations, but publish, read, and multiply their own. We have learned to see with our own eyes, and to form our own conclusions. In this march of mind, the gifted author of "THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC," has nobly placed himself in the van; and in glowing language has happily and truthfully described the race which chained the tyrant Ocean, and his mighty streams, into subserviency—a race, which engaged for generations in stubborn conflict with the angry elements, was unconsciously educating itself for its great struggle with a still more savage despotism, in its successful and immortal struggle for the rights of men!

Even as with fabled brilliancy and flashing rays, those monster carbuncles, set on high in the front of the Church at Wisby, which bears the time-honored name of the "good St. Nicholas," once served as guiding stars to the wave-tossed mariner, inward and outward bound, in his perilous voyage across the angry deep; so the radiance which emanates from the chronicles of the land of **William THE SILENT**, the Father of *his* Country; of **Maurice** the Warrior, renowned in every branch of warlike art and science; of **William**, England's Liberator, great in all qualities which ennoble man; of **De Ruyter**, one of the most perfect—if not the most perfect—characters which history records; of **Duyvenvoorde**; of **De Zoete**; of **Klaasjoon**; of **Piet Hejn**; of **Obdam**; of **De Witte**; of **Tromp**; of **Evertsen**; of

Heemskerck ; of Zoutman ; of Koehoorn ; of Sinekell ; of Van Botzelaar ; of Chasse ; of Van Spyk ; of Van der Aa ; of Barnaveldt ; of De Witt ; of Grotius ; of Sagen ; of Heinsius ; of Van Diemen ; of Bentinck ; of Beverninck ; of Van der Capellen ; of Van de Speigel ; of Schimmelpenninck ; of Erasmus ; of Boerhaave ; of Huygens van Zuylichem ; of Ruysch ; of Brugmans ; of Hemsterhuyus ; of Kat ; of Vondel ; of Bilderdyk ; of Brandt ; of Wagenaar ; and of a host of other eminently gifted warriors, statesmen and scholars, will illuminate the pathway which leads to the establishment of correct and liberal principles throughout all lands ; where the example of our own immortal WASHINGTON, and of the patriot sages of the Republic, has not yet produced its vivifying effects.

In the desperate conflict which marked the revolt of the United Provinces, Holland achieved her civil and religious liberty. This taught her English neighbors a lesson, which **WILLIAM** OF ORANGE enabled them to improve with similar success.

When England, forgetful of the past, would trample on the rights of her American Colonies, these followed the same example, adopted, like the Dutch, a Federal Union, and making themselves independent, built up the glorious fabric of the American Republic.

Like another Pharos, may the light which beams from this lofty pinnacle, reflecting its rays upon the declared principles of that independence, irradiate every dark spot on the earth's surface ; and may political aspirants, both here and every where, learn that this light is the safest guide, under Providence, to the only secure anchorage of virtuous success !

NOTES.

[No. 1.—Lines 7,-'8, page 8.]

The Dutch (Hollanders) discovered the region now known as the State of New York in 1609; erected a fort in 1612-'3; and established a permanent settlement in 1614. They settled in New Jersey shortly after their arrival in New York, particularly at Bergen, between 1614 and 1624. They erected a trading house at Hartford on the Connecticut in 1631; and subjugated Delaware in 1655.

[No. 2.—Line 4, page 15.]

PARRY, on the 22d [?] July, 1827, had *certainly* reached 82 degrees 40 minutes, and on the 23d *probably* had gained 5 minutes—i. e. 82 degrees 45 minutes. As the author furnished BARENTZ's *certainly*, he likewise stated PARRY's farthest attainment by observation.

[No. 3.—Lines 13 to 26, page 24.]

If any of our readers admire the Dutch (Hollanders), let them examine Topographical Descriptions, with Historico-Political and Medico-Physical Observations, made in Two Several Voyages, through most parts of Europe, by JOHN NORTHLEIGH, LL., M. D., London 1702; and he will find 14 pages (108-122) almost entirely devoted to praises of the Dutch nation, which, considering that their author is an Englishman, and their date a century and a half since, is pretty conclusive evidence of their truth. The whole book is quaint, but well worthy perusal.

[No. 4.—Line 5, page 29.]

In the *Oude Kerk*, (Old Church) of Amsterdam, lies interred **JACOB** **van WESSEBERG**, who commanded one vessel of the Squadron of which **Barentz** was the Chief-Pilot, Ice-Master and actual Conductor. He afterwards rose to the rank of Admiral, and distinguished himself by his bravery and enterprize. His monument bears "this old inscription and historical account of his life and actions," for he lived to wear the

palm and the laurel which belonged to that daring navigator who sleeps his last tombless sleep in the far North, which he was the first to explore :

Honori et Aeternitati

Jacobo ab Heemskerck,

Amstel-Redamensi,

Viro forti et optime de patria merito.

Qui

Post varias in notas, ignotasque oras navigationes, in Novam Zemblam sub Polo Arctico duas; in Indiam Orientalem versus Antarcticum totidem; Indeque opimis Spoliis. An. CIQ IQ CIV., reversus victor.

TANDEM

Expeditionis maritimæ adversus Hispan. Præfectus, eorum validam Classem Herculeo ausu aggressus in Freto Herculeo sub ipsa arce et urbe Gibraltar VII. Kal. Maii, An. CIQ IQ CVII. fudit et profligavit,*

IPSE IBIDEM

Pro patria strenue dimicans, gloriose occubuit, Anima Cælo vadet, Corpus hoc loco Jacet. Ave Lector, famamque viri ama et virtutem.

Cujus ERGO

Illustriss. et Potentiss. Fæderat. Provin. Belgicæ ORDINIBUS, P. P.

H. M. P.

Vixit Annos XL. Mensem I, Dies XII.

[No. 5.—Line 12, page 31.]

HACKLUYT'S HEADLAND, takes its name from a distinguished naval historian of England, who was born about the year 1553, and died on the 23d September, 1616, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, London. It is the most northern and western point of Amsterdam Island, once the head quarters of the Dutch whale fishery, and likewise the most northwestern of the Spitzbergen Archipelago, in Latitude 79 deg. 47 min. north and Longitude 6 deg. 5 min. east. Its "eminent" and rocky, snow-crowned front defies the unbroken violence of every gale which sweeps across the Arctic Ocean, while against its rock-strewn base, and jutting reefs, the ice-fields, urged across the open sea from Greenland, are crushed into a yeasty "brash," or, in severer seasons, grind and groan and pile themselves, until they emulate the lofty point "perpetually covered with a mourning veil of black" rock moss or "lichens."

*Vid. This History and HEEMSKERCK's character. Erat omnino non tam pecuniæ quam gloriæ avidus, hoc quoque Studium nulla sui jactantia prodens, quippe civilem invultum habitumque compositus alte absconderat animum militarium. HUG. GROT. *Histor., Liber. 16.*

This HACKLUYT, with his Hollandish name, and doubtless Hollandish origin, but English parentage, gained the highest esteem and honor, from mariners of all ranks, in the most distant nations, no less than his own. DRAYTON, a contemporaneous English poet, apostrophizes the naval historian, whose spirit animated his countrymen to maritime adventure, thus :

“ Thy voyages attend
 Industrious HACKLUYT ;
 Whose reading shall inflame
 Men to seek fame,
 And much to commend
 To after-times thy wit.”

When HENDRICK HUDSON, in 1607, in a voyage towards the North Pole, re-discovered Spitzbergen—*first* discovered in 1596, by **Barentz**—he distinguished its north-western “eminent promontory” by the name of HACKLUYT’S HEADLAND, by which it is still known ; and, seven years afterwards, an English crew, sent out by the English Russia Company, planted thereupon the banner and erected the arms of England ; thus assuming the rights of possession and the honor of discovery which belonged to **Barentz**, and the Dutch nation.

[No. 6.—Lines 15 to 21, page 40.]

“The survivors appeared before the people of Amsterdam in the dress they wore at Nova Zembla. Curiosity was awakened everywhere respecting them. They were taken to the Ministers of foreign States, at the Hague, to relate their perils and give an account of the frigid land, which none of the southern natives had visited before. Their treatment on their arrival home must, in those days, have been an ample compensation to the survivors for their past sufferings.”—*Arctic Adventures*, by Sea and Land, &c. &c. ; Edited by EPES SARGENT.

[Ns. 7.—Lines 25 to 27, page 40.]

Nova-Zembla or *Novaia-Zemlia*.—A vast insular territory of the Arctic or Northern Icy-Ocean—belongs to European Russia, constituting a dependency of the Government of Archangel, district of Mezen, and lies between Latitude 70 degrees 35 minutes and 77 degrees north, and Longitude 45 degrees 25 minutes and 75 degrees [77 degrees ?] east. This ice-bound region is divided into two islands by the narrow Strait of Matotschkin-Shar, is separated by the Strait of Kara from the island of Vaigatsch, and is washed on the south by the Sea of Kara and on the west and north by the Northern Icy or Arctic Ocean.

The south-western and western coasts are tolerably well known ; the

northern, even yet, imperfectly—but little, if any, better than when **Barentz** first examined them; while the eastern, defended by impassable barriers of eternal ice, have never been explored. On the western shore, an arm of the sea, in Latitude 73 degrees north appears to penetrate deeply into the country.

The extreme length of these islands, measuring from Cape Zelandia—Zhelania, Jelania, Jelanii, or Desire—Latitude 76 degrees 58 minutes [77 degrees?] north, Longitude 74 degrees 20 minutes east [76 degrees 40 minutes]—the most northern point of Europe—to Cape Tchernyi, their south-western extremity, is a little over two hundred leagues, say six hundred miles. Their mean breadth from the northwest to the southeast may be calculated at about seventy leagues, say two hundred and ten miles.

Between Capes Zelandia and Severo Vostotchnoi, the most northern extremity of Asiatic Russia—and consequently of Asia—in the Government of Jeniseisk, Latitude 78 degrees 25 minutes north, Longitude 102 degrees [98 degrees] east, extends an open sea, almost invariably, however, encumbered with icebergs and ice-fields, but said to have been sailed over, in 1611 or 1614, by an adventurous Dutch Captain [See SCORESBY'S *Arctic Regions*, Vol. I., Appendix III., page 60] to the eastward of Nova Zembla, for the space of one hundred and forty leagues.

The coasts as yet explored are extremely broken and precipitous; the southern low and flat; the western bristling with gray sandstone cliffs, which, although not very high, are almost perpendicular. No anchorage may be said to exist.

Even in the southern districts the country is hardly known beyond a distance of five leagues from the western shore. This part is watered by fifteen small rivers, which empty into the sea between the Straits of Vaigatsch and Matotshkin-Shar; besides these, it possesses numerous lakes.

The aspect of this country is perfectly horrible. Nothing but the gloomiest vegetation meets the eye, and the mountains present no other apparel except an eternal robe of snow and mail of ice. Excessive cold reigns throughout the greater part of the year. The interior abounds with reindeer, blue and arctic foxes, ermine and white bears, while the coasts swarm with various species of fish of the largest size, (whales, dolphins, porpoises, sharks, &c.,) seals, sea-cows, and "vast flights" of marine-birds.

This desolate country is without fixed inhabitants, and only frequented by Russian hunters and fishermen.

APPOINTMENT OF THE INSTALLATION OF

Cornelis Steenwyck,**As Governor of Nova Scotia and Acadie.**

*The Directors of the Privileged General West India Company of the
United Netherlands.*

ALL those who shall see or hear these presents, GREETING :

KNOW, that we, being convinced that the wealth of this Company would be greatly increased by the cultivation of those lands and places under the jurisdiction of our aforesaid grantees, and that it will be useful that these aforesaid lands and places should not remain uninhabited, but that somebody be duly settled there, and populate the country; and afterwards thinking on expedients by which the navigation, commerce, and traffic of the aforesaid Company, and of all others who belong to it, may after some time be increased and augmented; so is it that we, wishing to put our useful intention in execution, for the aforesaid and other reasons, by which we are persuaded; following the second article of our aforesaid grant, and by the authority of the high and mighty States-General of the United Netherlands, and upon mature deliberation of the Council, have committed and authorized, and we do commit and authorize, **Cornelis Steenwyck**, in the name of, and for, the High and Mighty and the Privileged General West India Company, to take possession of the coasts and countries of Nova Scotia and Acadie, including the subordinate countries and islands, so far as their limits are extended, to the east and north from the River Pountegouyct; and that he, **Steenwyck**, may establish himself there, and select such places for himself, in order to cultivate, to sow, or to plant, as he shall wish.

MOREOVER, to trade with the natives of the country, and all others with whom the Republic of these United Netherlands and the aforesaid Company are in peace and alliance, to negotiate and to traffic in the goods and merchandizes belonging to them, send them hither and thither, and fit out ships and vessels for the large and small fisheries, to set the cargo ashore, to dry and afterwards to sell them, so as he shall think it best; and, generally, to sustain and to maintain himself and his family, by no other than honest means.

MOREOVER, that he, **Steenwyck**, in the name of the High and Mighty, and of the General West India Company, will be admitted to make contracts and alliances and engagements with the natives of that country; also to build some forts and castles, to defend and to protect himself against

every foreign and domestic force of enemies or pirates; and also to admit and to protect all other persons and families who wish to come under obedience to the Company, if they swear due faithfulness to the much esteemed High and Mighty, as their highest Sovereign Magistrate, to his Highness, My Lord the Prince of Orange, as the Governor-Captain and Admiral-General, and to the Directors of the Privileged West India Company.

THAT MOREOVER, the aforesaid **Steenwyck**, with the title and power of Manager and Captain, will provide, deliver and execute every thing that belongs to the conservation of these countries, namely:—

The maintenance of good order, police, and justice, as would be required according to the laws and manners of those countries; and, principally, that the true Christian reformed religion is practised within the limits of his district, after the usual manner, that **Steenwyck**, according to this, may place some one—if he is a free-born subject of our union—in his office; who, in name and authority, moreover, with the title and a power as aforesaid, may take possession of the aforesaid countries to establish himself there; and further, to do and execute all those things whereto **Steenwyck**, himself, in aforesaid manner, is authorized; all those things, nevertheless, without expenses, charges, or any kind of burdens to the Company; and with the invariable condition that the aforesaid **Steenwyck**, or the person whom he might place in his office, will be obliged to execute the present Commission and authorization within the next eighteen months, or that by negligence or failure thereof it will be in our faculty and power to give such a Commission and authorization to other persons than **Steenwyck**, or his Lieutenant, without any reference to this present one.

MOREOVER, we have the aforesaid **Steenwyck**, or his Lieutenant, so soon as they establish themselves within the limits of that particular, privileged and conceded district; and we do privilege and concede freedom and immunity of all rights and recognizances for the time of six years successively.

At last, and to conclude, that the aforesaid **Steenwyck**, or his Lieutenant, within the limits of the aforesaid district, will have the right to distribute to others such countries and places for Colonies and farms as he shall think best; and that the managers and principals of those Colonies and farms, for the time of six years, shall be entirely possessed of the aforesaid rights and recognizances.

WE command and charge also our Directors, Managers, Captains, Masters of ships, and all our other officers whomay belong to them, that they will have to acknowledge, to respect, and to obey, the aforesaid **Cornelis Steenwyck**, or his Lieutenant, as Manager and Captain, within the limits of the aforesaid district; and, to procure, to give, and to afford him every

help, aid, and assistance in the execution thereof,—seeing that we find it useful for the service of the Company.

Given in Amsterdam, October 27, 1676.

(Signed)

Gaspar Pelllicorne.

For Ordinance of the aforesaid Directors.

(Signed)

C. Gatine.

Most Honourable, Valiant, and Honest Beloved, Faithful:

In answer to the remonstrances of your brother-in-law, **Nicolaas**, the Governor, we have thought convenient to send your Honor, the enclosed Commission and authorization, being the permission to take possession of the coasts and countries of Nova Scotia, and Acadie, so far as its limits are extended from the river Pountegouet, to the east and north, in the name and upon the authority of the High and Mighty States-General of the United Netherlands, and the Privileged General West India Company, confirming all such conditions as your Honor will see himself, by reading the aforesaid Commission.

But, our intention is not to prejudice a Commission of the 11th Sept'r last, given to **JOHN RHOADE**, a native of England, who was helping to conquer and subdue the aforesaid coasts and countries in the year 1674, under the direction of Capt. **Jurriaen Aernouts**. A copy of that aforesaid Commission is herewith, as witness for you:

We have commended the aforesaid **RHOADE** to give your Honor, from time to time his advice in regard to the state of affairs, and as to what could be done for them by virtue of our aforesaid Commission, and we hope that it will be observed by him.

Moreover, we ask and desire eagerly, that as soon as your Honor shall have taken possession of the aforesaid lands, or may have sent somebody there in his name, you will tell us the state of affairs there, and also what kind of business could there be practiced with gain and advantage; also, to let us know all those things which you may think advantageous for us to know.

If, afterwards, there should be found any minerals on any place there, we wish that your Honor would send us some samples, with, and besides, your opinion and advice, in order to decide upon it. Finally, we command your Honor to do all that which may increase the wealth of our Company.

Wherewith finishing, we commend you to the protection of God.
Amsterdam, October 27, 1676.

(Signed)

Gaspar Pelllicorne.

For Ordinance of the aforesaid Directors.

(Signed)

C. Gatine.

The Directors of the Privileged General West India Company of the United Netherlands.

To ALL THOSE who shall see or hear these presents—GREETING :

KNOW, THAT WHEREAS, in the year 1674, Captain *Jurriaen Aernouts*, Master of the frigate "The Flying Horse," from Curagao, and charged with a Commission of his Highness the Prince of Orange, has conquered and subdued the coasts and countries of Nova Scotia and Acadie, in which expedition was also present and assisted, with advice and force, JOHN RHOADE :

THEREFORE, WE, after consulting the demand of aforesaid RHOADE, to establish himself in the aforesaid countries, and to remain there, and to maintain himself, have consented and permitted, and do consent and permit hereby, that the aforesaid RHOADE, in the name and by the consent of the General West India Company, shall take possession of the aforesaid coasts and countries of Nova Scotia and Acadie, in whatever place of that district it may please him, to build houses and to establish, to cultivate, and to keep in repair, plantations ; that he may trade and negotiate with the natives, and all others with whom the State of the United Netherlands and the aforesaid Company is in peace and alliance ; in the first place, to send hither and thither his own goods and merchandize, after paying the duties to our Company ; in the second place, to defend and maintain himself against every foreign and domestic power of enemies. Also, we charge and command our Managers, Captains, Ship-Masters, and all other officers in the service of our Company, and we request all persons who do not belong to our Company, not to trouble, or to disturb the aforesaid RHOADE ; but, after shewing this Commission, to assist him in the execution thereof, and to give him all help, aid and assistance.

Given at Amsterdam, Sept'r 11, 1676.


(Signed)

Gaspar Pelllicorne,

For ordinance of the aforesaid Directors,

(Signed)

C. Gauine.

 The foregoing, furnished through the politeness of GEORGE H. MOORE, Esq. Librarian of the New York Historical Society. are copies of the translations accompanying the original documents, presented, with a portrait of *Cornelis Steenwyck*, to the New-York Historical Society, at the stated meeting in November, 1856, by Mrs. ELIZA M. CLARK, of the *Locusts*, near *Shrewsbury, N. J.*, through GEORGE DE HAERT GILLESPIE, Esq. and JOHN McMULLEN, Esq., Librarian of the New York Society Library. March, 1857.

The CORNELIS STEENWYCK, invested with more than Gubernatorial authority over this conquest, was a rich and prominent merchant of New Amsterdam, its third Mayor, and a long time associated with the ancestor of the writer, in the city administration, particularly at one of those crises which have never occurred without affording additional proof of the fearless and unselfish patriotism of the Dutch. They belonged to that Commission who rivalled the resolution of the Muscovite in the conflagration of Moscow—so often cited as an illustrious example of patriotic sacrifice—without evincing any of the ferocity which characterized the act of Rotopsechin. To make good New Amsterdam against a threatened attack from the English, in 1673, by the orders of that determined Commission the suburbs, villas, smiling boweries and gardens, were all laid waste in ashes, so that they could neither impede the fire of the Artillery of the Fort and Bastions of the place, nor afford cover and lodgment to the enemy. But in one respect their example has scarcely ever been imitated: they not only destroyed for the good of the public, but they also paid for what the public good required to be laid waste.

The grandest passages of the history of the Hollanders upon this continent remain to be brought before the public eye—a grandeur unsurpassed by the records of any other Colony which has ever been established since the beginning of the world.

[No. 9.—Lines 5 to 8, page 53.]

Examine account of the Roman Catholic Missions in Maine, in the *Collections of the Maine Historical Society*, pages 323 to 340.—“BIART,” “MASSE,” “DREUILLETES,” “RALLE.”

[No. 10.—Lines 20 a 22, page 67.]

The monster *carbuncles*, alluded to in the preceding pages, are said to have been displayed in the upper part of the front of the Church of *St. Nicholas*, at WISBY,* where the ornamental roseworks or circles in which they were set still remain.

So lustrous were these gems, it was averred, that their resplendency could be discerned at such a distance to seaward, as to serve in guiding mariners in the Baltic. “It is possible,” says LAING, “that some glittering *spar* may have been inserted in these circles, which are constructed

* See LAING'S *Tour in Sweden*; MURRAY'S *Hand-Book* for Northern Europe, Denmark, Sweden and Norway; MURRAY'S *Hand-Book* for Northern Germany; the *Bonversations Lexicon*; &c. &c.

of brick upon the stone front, as if intended as a frame to some relic or ornament." When WALDEMAR, King of Denmark, made an onslaught upon *Wisby*, in July, 1361, slew 1800 hundred of its inhabitants, and plundered its shrines and treasures, he loaded two ships with the booty and valuables delivered over as the ransom of the spoliated city. The vessel, however, freighted with these treasures, was not allowed to reach its destination and grace the triumph of the pirate-monarch of Denmark, but was wrecked on the Carl Isles, lying off the S. W. point of Gothland.

The ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH, from which they were torn, is a large edifice, built in 1097, altogether in the Norman style, with long windows, and all the arches, which are very beautiful, painted. *Wisby* was the mother of the *Hanseatic cities*—the most extraordinary place in the north of Europe. A seaport of the middle ages, it exists unbroken and unchanged in a measure to the present day—having undergone less alteration from time, devastation, or improvement, than any place of the same antiquity. Once the depot of all the merchandize of the Baltic, the period of its foundation is unknown, but in the tenth and eleventh centuries, two hundred years before the establishment of the Hanseatic league in 1241, it was one of the most important commercial cities of Europe. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it was a principal factory of the Hanseatic league, and it is moreover famous for the Code of Marine laws transferred to France by St. Louis in the eleventh century. The foreigners were so numerous in this emporium, that each nation had its own church and house of assembly, which is very evident from the remains of so many places of worship within a few yards of each other. There are no less than eighteen ruins of churches within its walls, among which that of *St. Nicholas* dates from the eleventh century. According to some historians, the Hanseatic league embraced upwards of eighty cities or towns, (while others fix the number at 60, and others again at 85,). Deputies, however, from 85 towns assembled in their Representative Hall in Lubeck; and there was scarcely any commercial city in Northern Europe but was admitted into this Confederation. From this fact it is reasonable to suppose that as many of the Dutch ports—(Boldward in Friesland, Elsburg, Groningin, Handerwyck, Nimwegen, Ruremonde, Staboren, Venlo, Zutphen, Zwoll)—belonged to it, it is more than likely that merchants of Holland contributed to the construction of, and worshiped within the walls of, this very St. Nicholas Church. What "Porto Venere" is to the Western Mediterranean, *Wisby* is to the Baltic, both mediæval gems, perfectly preserved in their original strange but artistic settings; links, which, with Pompeii, nearly a thousand years apart, connect the present with the anti Christian eras.

In conclusion: With regard to the fabled light-evolving properties of the Carbuncle, CHARLES EDWARDS discusseth thus agreeably and learnedly in his "*History and Poetry of Finger Rings.*"

“There was supposed to be a gem, called a Carbuncle, which emitted, not reflected, but native light. Our old literature abounds with allusions to the miraculous gem. SHAKESPEARE has made use of it in *TITUS ANDRONICUS*, where *MARTIUS* goes down into a pit, and by it discovers the body of *LORD BASSIANUS*, and calls up to *QUINTUS* thus :

‘*LORD BASSIANUS* lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughtered lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.’

QUINTUS :

‘If it be dark, how dost thou know ’tis he?’

MARTIUS :

‘Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man’s earthy cheek,
And show the ragged entrails of this pit :
So pale did shine the moon on *Pyramus*
When he by night lay bathed in maiden’s blood.’

LUDOVICUS VARTOMANNUS, a Roman, reporteth that the king of *Pege* (or *Pegu*), a city in *India*, had a carbuncle (ruby) of so great a magnitude and splendor, that by the clear light of it he might, in a dark place, be seen, even as if the room or place had been illustrated by the sunbeams. *St. or Bishop EPIPHANIUS* saith of this gem, that if it be worn, whatever garments it be covered withal, it cannot be hid.

It was from a property of resembling a burning coal when held against the sun, that this stone obtained the name *carbunculus*; which, being afterwards misunderstood, there grew up an opinion of its having the qualities of a burning coal and shining in the dark. And as no gem ever was or ever will be found endued with that quality, it was supposed that the true carbuncle of the ancients was lost; but it was long generally believed that there had been such a stone. The species of carbuncle of the ancients, which possessed this quality in the greatest degree, was the *Garamantine* or *Carthagenian*; and this is the true garnet of the moderns.”

J. W. DE P.



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 &c. &c. &c.

ERRATA

REQUIRING NOTICE.

- Page 18, Line 29.—After "*Smeerenberg*," insert "*or rather Smeerenburg*."
 " 34, " 5.—Between "*by*" and "*jamming*," insert "*the*."
 " 34, " 5 to Line 28.—The sentences need remodeling; the original manuscript having been improperly copied, and the punctuation, &c., altered.

Erratum.

Page 34, Line 12 to Line 28.—Instead of the present sentence, beginning: "While, thus," &c. read:—While thus the minds of the crew were agitated by the ever present dread of the instant and complete destruction of their "frail bark," they were stunned and deafened by the noises made by the ice without, around them, throughout the harbor, and upon the adjacent shores. The thunder of the icebergs, hurled against each other by wind and tide, mutually crushing their mighty masses together, or toppling over with a din as if whole mountains of marble had been blown up by some explosive force—together with the creaking, cracking and groaning of the ship itself, arising from the freezing of the juices of the timber and liquids in the hold—all this created such a churme of confusion that the crew were terrified, lest their ship should fall to pieces with every throe, which seemed to rack it from deck to kelson.

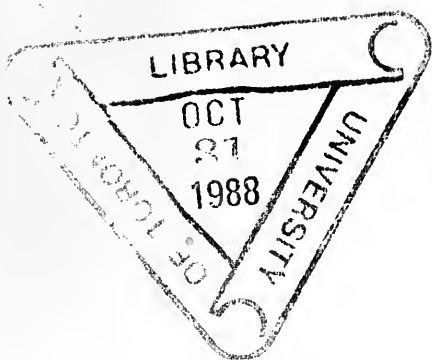
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